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VOL. XVI.—NO. 27. BOSTON, WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 4, 1888. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

BRACING UP FOR WORK

After the Conventions Congress Gets to Business.

Senate and House Both Put in Six-Day Sessions.

Tariff Reform Still the Subject of Debate.

[Week ending June 30.]

MONDAY.—There were very few senators in their seats today and the business transacted was unimportant.

Senator Chandler introduced a bill authorizing the construction by contract of 20 gunboats or cruisers, none of which are to exceed 1700 tons displacement, nor to cost more than $500,000, including any premium that may be paid for increased speed, and excluding the cost of armament. At least two vessels to be built of each type adopted by the Navy Department are to be wholly of steel, or with steel frames. All parts of the vessels are to be of domestic manufacture. The bill appropriates $5,000,000 toward the construction of the vessels and $3,000,000 for their armament.

Mr. Harris addressed the Senate on the resolution to refer the President's annual message. He declared the existing revenue system to be vicious, not to say criminal. In readjusting the system the effort should be to make it the least oppressive to the largest number of people. Contrasting the revenue from spirits with that on imported goods, he argued that, out of every dollar collected on spirits, 97 cents went into the treasury, while in the case of protected imports, for every dollar that went into the treasury, $7 in bounty was paid to home manufacturers.

When Mr. Harris had finished the Senate adjourned.

Public Lands.

A large number of bills were introduced in the House and referred, and several bills reported by the District of Columbia committee were considered, after which the House took up the bill to secure to actual settlers the public domain, etc.

The remainder of the day was spent in the detailed consideration of the large number of amendments which were offered when the bill was last before the House.

A long discussion was had upon a proposition to retain in the United States title to coal or mineral lands within the limits of lands granted to railroad companies, but the entire third section of the bill was finally laid aside for further action. A material amendment to this was then offered at the instance of Mr. Payson of Illinois restricting the issue of patents to mineral lands to citizens of the United States.

Without progressing further than the fourth section, the House at 5 o'clock took a recess till 8.

The evening session was spent in the further consideration of the amendments to the general land bill.

A Vetoed Pension Bill.

TUESDAY.—In the Senate Mr. Plumb gave notice of an amendment to the sundry civil appropriation bill, providing that there shall not be purchased for the use of national soldiers' homes any material or supplies the result of convict labor.

On motion of Mr. Allison the Senate proceeded to the consideration of the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill. The bill was soon passed, with sundry amendments, none of which were important.

A message from the President, returning without his approval a bill giving a pension to the widow of J. A. Turley, was presented. The circumstance of the soldier's death was that he had interfered in an altercation between two other soldiers on a steamboat, and was pushed or struck by one of the parties, knocking his head against a plank and receiving a fatal injury. It is quite clear, the President says, that death was not the result of military service. If he had refrained from interference, he would have saved himself, and would have performed, to the utmost, his military duty.

Mr. Edmunds—I think that the statement of the President shows that this woman is entitled to a pension. It is not part of a soldier's duty, without waiting the order of the captain, to try to stop an affray between his fellow soldiers. I do not know what the duty of a soldier is, but I would like the Senate to vote on that question.

Mr. Beck suggested the reference of the message and bill to the committee on pensions.

Mr. Edmunds—There is no use in referring it. I want a vote on the President's message, but as there is no quorum present I move that the Senate adjourn, leaving this message as the unfinished business.

The motion was agreed to and the Senate adjourned.

Homestead Provisions.

The House resumed consideration of the public land bill by sections for amendment. Most of the amendments which were adopted were in the nature of corrections of the phraseology of the bill.

Mr. Hermann of Oregon offered one, however, which was accepted, allowing entrymen six instead of three months in which to erect a habitable dwelling.

There was a long discussion over an amendment offered by Mr. Weaver of Iowa, reserving title in the government to alternate strips of public land along watercourses and the seashore. The amendment was rejected.

Mr. Holman of Indiana offered an amendment declaring that the United States expressly reserves from sale all coal deposits, but permitting entrymen to mine such coal as may be contained in their land, subject to the future action of Congress, to protect the interest of the country from monopolies, and requiring all patents to public lands to contain the reservat on.

This secured a majority vote, but the point of no quorum was made, and the House adjourned.

River and Harbor Bill.

WEDNESDAY.—After a large number of unimportant bills had been introduced and referred, the Senate today proceeded to the consideration of the river and harbor appropriation bill. Among the amendments reported and agreed to were the following: Inserting an item of $50,000 for a breakwater from Mt. Desert to Porcupine Island, Me.; increasing the appropriation for Portland harbor, Me., from $25,000 to $40,000, and for Back cove, Portland harbor, from $15,000 to $25,000; inserting an item of $10,000 for the channel between the islands of South Hero and South Hero, Lake Champlain; increasing the appropriation for Block Island harbor, R. I., from $19,000 to $25,000, with an addition of $5000 for removing the sand bar at the entrance to the harbor; inserting an item of $5000 for the harbor at Milford, Conn.; increasing the appropriation for Penobscot river, Me., from $10,000 to $50,000; inserting items of $15,000 for Mooseabec bar, Me., and $10,000 for Bellamy river, N.H.; increasing the appropriations for Pawtucket river, R. I., from $25,000 to $50,000; for Pawcatuck river, R. I., from $5000 to $10,000; for Housatonic river, Conn., from $10,000 to $35,000, and for Thames river, Conn., from $25,000 to $65,000; inserting items of $3500 for Mispillion creek, Del.; $10,000 for Broad Kiln river, Del.; $5000 for Broad creek, Del., and $400,000 for the Potomac river at Washington; increasing the appropriation for the Great Kanawha river, W. Va., from $300,000 to $350,000; inserting an item of $100,000 for a movable dam on the Ohio river at the mouth of the Beaver. Adjourned.

Text of the Land Bill.

The House today passed the public land bill.

The first section of the bill classes all of the public lands as agricultural, mineral, desert and reserved. Section 2 authorizes mineral lands to be disposed of under existing laws. Section 3 allows every United States citizen over 21 years of age to declare his intention to become a citizen, to enter 160 acres of iron or coal lands at a price of $10 per acre. Sections 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 relate to timber lands. Section 10 permits stone lands to be entered under the terms of existing laws. Section 11 provides for the sale, at not less than $1.25 per acre, of isolated tracts of less size than 160 acres. Sections 12 to 17, inclusive, relate to desert lands. They authorize any person to enter a 320-acre tract of such land, upon affidavit that it is for his own benefit and not for a corporation, and that he intends to cultivate it by irrigation, and upon payment of from $5 to $20, according to the size of the entry. Persons are to be permitted to associate in the construction of irrigating ditches, and to file joint maps. The sections relating to agricultural lands permit heads of families to enter quarter-section tracts where they do not own that amount of land in any State or Territory (making affidavit that the land is intended for their own use), upon payment of $5 or $10, according to the size of the entry.

Leave it to the People.

Mr. Mills of Texas then called up the tariff bill.

Mr. Kelley of Pennsylvania suggested that the Mills bill should be laid over until the next session with the understanding that if, at the November election, it should be approved by the people, the Republicans would withdraw their opposition.

Mr. Mills said that the majority, which was responsible to the people for the administration of the government, must go forward in the path of duty. That path was a plain one, and it was to press the bill in season and out of season until the unnecessary and unjust taxation on the necessities of life was reduced and the surplus in the treasury relieved.

Mr. Reed of Maine said that the proposition made by the gentleman from Pennsylvania (Kelley) had been properly declared to be an individual suggestion. The Republican party has resolved by its properly constituted assembly that it would give due consideration to every item of the Mills bill, believing it to be its duty to to explain and expose the errors of the measure. He desired here now to repeat the asseveration which had been made in open day so many times, that there had been no discussion here with any purpose of delay.

Mr. Breckinridge of Kentucky suggested that a day be fixed for taking a vote upon the bill.

Revising the Free List.

Mr. Springer of Illinois asked unanimous consent for the present consideration of the following:

Resolved, That the committee on ways and means be instructed to report to the House a rule for the tariff bill providing for stated times for votes on the more important propositions and fixing a day on which the bill shall be reported to the House and put upon its passage.

The House then went into committee of the whole on the tariff bill, Mr. McComas of Maryland moving to strike out line 87, "coal tar, crude." The motion was lost, as were motions to amend the other lines relating to coal-tar products and to dyewoods and decoctions.

At the instance of Mr. Russell of Massachusetts alizarine colors were added to the free list.

Mr. Mills offered a committee amendment, which was adopted, striking out line 96, "bone black, ivory drop black and bone char."

Mr. Breckinridge of Arkansas also offered a substitute for lines 99 to 103, inclusive, relating to essential oils, etc.

Mr. Felton and Mr. Vandever of California made vigorous efforts to strike quicksilver and chromic ore from the free list, but were unsuccessful.

Mr. Buchanan of New Jersey moved to strike out "brick, or firebrick."

Mr. Dingley of Maine favored the amendment, holding that the 20 per cent. duty, while yielding little revenue, effectually protected the industry.

Mr. Mills of Texas opposed the motion, which was lost.

Mr. Mills offered the committee amendment placing German looking-glass plates on the free list, but at the suggestion of Mr. Bayne of Pennsylvania the matter was allowed to go over until tomorrow.

The committee then rose and the House adjourned.

A "Jingo" Debate.

THURSDAY.—In the Senate Mr. Manderson, from the pensions committee, reported back seven vetoed pension bills, with the recommendation that they be passed, notwithstanding the President's objections, and they were placed on the calendar.

At this point a statement was made by Mr. Allison, chairman of the appropriations committee, as to the present condition of the general appropriat on bills.

The consideration of the river and harbor bill was proceeded with.

After 57 of its 96 pages had been disposed of the bill was laid aside and the conference report on the diplomatic and consular bill was presented by Mr. Hale and agreed to.

Mr. Hale said that the only point on which there was a failure to agree was the amendment reported from the committee on foreign relations and adopted by the Senate for a scientific commission to the upper Congo basin. To that the House conferees were strongly opposed.

The Senate then took up the army appropriation bill.

Mr. Rawley offered an amendment to insert an additional section appropriating $750,000 for an army gun factory at Watervliet arsenal, West Troy, N. Y.; $5,000,000 for the purchase of steel for high-power coast-defence guns of the 10 and 12-inch calibre; $500,000 for the purchase of submarine mines, cable galleries and appliances, and $1,000,000 for the purchase of submarine controllable torpedoes and torpedo boats. Mr. Hawley made the broad statement that a nation of more than 60,000,000 of people could not resist a first-class ship from China, Japan, Chili or any European nation.

Mr. Morgan advocated the amendments. If the United States had such an establishment as the Krupp gun factory in Germany, its moral power would be immensely added to. The naval power of the American government was not equivalent to its population and resources. The government should show the foreign nations that it was prepared to use its resources immediately, whenever occasion might demand.

Without acting on the bill or the amendment, the Senate adjourned.

Taxed Potatoes and Free Whiskey.

The House went into committee of the whole on the tariff bill.

Mr. Baker moved to strike from the free list vegetables, in their natural state or in salt or in brine, not specially enumerated or provided for.

Mr. Brumm of Pennsylvania suggested that they were ready to reduce internal taxes.

"Yes," replied Mr. Mills, "you want free whiskey. You do not say in your platform that you want to reduce the duties on sugar and rice. The convention has overruled what you have contended for. You party demands you to go for free whiskey. We go with you to the country on that question. We demand a reduction on those things which enter into consumption as necessaries, and demand that taxes shall remain on whiskey as they are today."

J. B. Taylor of Ohio challenged the statement that the Republican party was in favor of free whiskey. That the Republican party was in favor of free whiskey was absurd. A man who would assert that the Republican party was in favor of free whiskey might be developed, according to the Darwinian theory, for countless cycles of time without mounting intellectually to the position of a brevet ass.

After some further discussion Mr. Baker's motion was defeated and the committee rose.

On motion of Mr. Randall, a joint resolution was passed, extending for 30 days from June 30, the provisions of existing appropriation bills in case the pending appropriation bills are not passed before the end of the fiscal year.

Recurring again to the text of the tariff bill, Mr. Mills presented committee amendments placing on the free list German looking-glass plates, blown and silvered, and striking out plums and prunes, which were adopted.

Various amendments were agreed to, striking from the free list hatters' furs not on the skin, linseed or flaxseed, marble of all kinds in block, rough or square, and plaster of paris, ground or calcined.

The committee then rose.

The conference report on the consular and diplomatic bill was taken up and agreed to. It reports a concurrence on all the amendments except that appropriating $25,000 for a commission to explore the Congo basin.

Adjourned.

A Crowing Cockrell.

FRIDAY.—In concluding his argument in the Senate today, in favor of his amendment to the army appropriation bill providing for certain coast defences, Mr. Hawley said that after the harassing times of old John Roach, a man who had done honor to the country, not one manufacturer would spend $1,000,000 making a gun. As to the dynamite gun, which the senator from Maryland represented as a complete and total success, he (Hawley) did not know what it was; and yet it was largely a success, and had, he thought, come to stay as a part of warfare. He defended the ordnance officers of the army and navy, to whom, he said, the grossest injustice was done. There was a body of young men on the ordnance corps who were not surpassed or equalled on the staff corps of any nation.

Mr. Hawley stated, in reply to a question, that with the appropriation of $5,000,000 270 guns would be constructed, but that it would take five or six years to expend the money.

Mr. Stewart asked how it would be if the United States should be at war tomorrow.

"How would it be," was Mr. Plumb's reply, "if the stars should fall? We should catch larks. The man does not live who will hear the first hostile shot fired on the American coast."

Mr. Hawley, replying to Mr. Plumb, appealed to his common sense whether an 18-inch gun or a 12-inch gun or a 6-inch gun (that would throw a 100-pound bolt) was likely to be ever superseded. As to Mr. Plumb's prediction that no living man would hear a hostile shot on the American continent, he asked who could prophesy the touch of an electric signal that would plunge Europe into war and might involve the United States. Great Britain, he said, had 275 vessels that could sail out today and make war upon the United States. She had 41 vessels drawing less than seven feet of water, with 10-inch guns, that could walk up the Welland canal and into Lake Erie. The superficial observer could see only clear skies over the United States in 1860, and yet within a year war had broken out and armed men by the hundred thousand were shaking the continent with their tread. Congress dare not invite a quarrel with any foreign nation. No Congress could be assembled idiotic enough to declare war against a fourth-rate power for any imaginable insult. No Congress dare do it.

"Who's Afraid?"

Mr. Plumb ridiculed the suggestion as to what English opinion of this country was, and said that if the senator from Connecticut did not like to hear it he had better stay at home. If this country had been guided by European opinion, it never would have had a republic at all.

Mr. Cockrell spoke sarcastically of the frenzy exhibited, as he said, by the senators from Connecticut and Nevada. He could almost imagine British redcoats coming down from the skies, landing on American soil, driving back the timid Yankees, and levying contributions on American cities.

"They burned this capital once," Mr. Hawley suggested.

"Yes, they burned this capital once," said Mr. Cockrell, "and they regret it to this day."

"So do we," was Mr. Hawley's laconic rejoinder.

"No, sir," said Mr. Cockrell, "we do not regret it. I do not regret it. The American people do not regret it." He said that the American people feared nobody; that it worshipped at the shrine of Jehovah, and not at that of any single power on earth, or all of them combined; that it bid their defiance, and that the talk about the necessity for fortifications was not only cowardly, but childish. The senator from Nevada might have to fear. He would never see a foreign power levying contributions upon San Francisco, New York, Charleston, Mobile, Galveston or any other city of the United States. As to Canada, the militia of the border States could take care of her, and do it in a very short time. If Canada should cross the border in hostile array, every solitary foot of that country would be under the power and jurisdiction of the United States within 60 days. It would not be even a skirmish, and as to Great Britain, a war with the United States would be the death knell of that power, and her statesmen know it.

Without having come to a vote on the bill or amendment the Senate adjourned.

Still the Tariff.

The House went into committee of the whole on the tariff bill.

Mr. Dingley of Maine moved to strike from the free list rags, of whatever material composed. The motion was lost.

Mr. Lodge of Massachusetts moved to strike from the free list reeds manufactured, but not made up into finished articles. He stated that $3,000,000 of capital was engaged in the manufacture of rattan furniture. A part of that process was the conversion of raw rattan into piths and chair canes.

On motion of Mr. Breckinridge of Arkansas paintings in oil or water colors and statuary not otherwise provided for were stricken from the free list.

Mr. Leidbach of New Jersey moved to strike from the free list stones, unmanufactured or unpressed, freestone, sandstone and all building or monumental stone; rejected.

Mr. Baker of New York moved to add photographic print paper not albumenized or sensitized to the free list; lost.

Mr. Buchanan of New Jersey offered an amendment providing that whenever any of the articles named in the free list are imported in vessels of foreign registry they shall pay the duties imposed by the act of 1883. Lost.

Mr. Russell of Massachusetts moved to place primuline on the free list. He stated that it was a dye used in the manufacture of cotton goods, but that it was not produced in this country. The motion was agreed to.

This completed the consideration of the free-list section, and the clerk proceeded to read the dutiable portion of the bill. The clause providing that the change in the rate of duties shall take effect July 1, 1888, was passed over pending amendments.

Mr. Dingley of Maine moved to lay a duty of 15 cents per cask on lime. Lost.

Mr. Adams moved to strike out the clause fixing the rate of duty on refined glycerine at 3 cents a pound. Lost.

Mr. Randall moved concurrence to the joint resolution extending appropriations for 30 days. Agreed to. Recess till 8.

The House, at its evening session, passed 47 pension bills.

Short Session.

SATURDAY.—The Senate met at 11 a. m., with less than a dozen senators present, and resumed the consideration of the river and harbor bill. The following amendments, among others, were agreed to: Making a provision for the examination of Malden river, Massachusetts, also of the Hampton river, N. H.; also of the Narragansett bay, R. I., with a view to a breakwater; and for various other rivers and harbors. An amendment directing a survey for a ship canal from Lasalle to Lake Michigan, near Chicago (16 feet wide and 14 feet deep), was discussed at great length and finally agreed to.

No further progress was made with the bill and the Senate proceeded to executive business. After the doors were reopened the conference report on the diplomatic and consular appropriation bill was presented and agreed to. About 40 private pension bills were passed.

Still on the Bill.

The House went into committee of the whole on the tariff bill.

Mr. Breckinridge of Arkansas moved to increase the rate of duty on flaxseed and linseed oil from 10 to 15 cents per gallon. Agreed to.

Mr. Breckinridge also offered an amendment increasing from 4 to 5 cents per pound, the duty on licorice paste, or rolls. Agreed to.

On motion of Mr. Breckinridge, an amendment was adopted fixing the duty on licorice juice at 25 per cent. ad valorem.

Mr. Dingley of Maine moved to reduce the rate of duty on bichromate of potash from 2½ cents to 1 cent per pound. The amendment was rejected.

THE BRIDE OF A THIEF.

A Beautiful New York Girl Finds Herself in a Bad Predicament.

NEW YORK, June 29.—Albert E. Krahe, cashier for Hirsch & Co., importers of buttons, at 427 Broadway, suddenly left town Monday and skipped to Canada. On Saturday he received a check for $900 from Mr. Hirsch to pay the employes. He transposed the figures first however to $3900, and on his return gave his principal the $900, himself pocketing $3000. When the forgery had been found out an investigation was made, and he was found to be a defaulter to the extent of over $6000.

Inspector Byrnes was at once called into the case, and quickly put detectives on his track, who found Krahe in Montreal enjoying himself in fancied security. He was arrested, and is now held for extradition papers.

Krahe had married a beautiful young girl a few months ago, and it was thought by his friends who missed him that he was spending his honeymoon. But the mystery of his absence was otherwise explained, and the young wife was made acquainted with the fact today by the inspector that she had wedded and is the wife of a thief.

AFTER YEARS OF SEARCH,

A Californian Finds His Mother Just as She is Being Taken to the Poorhouse.

CHICAGO, July 2.—Among the Californians who came to the Republican convention was Frank R. Goodwin. On the way East, members of the party exchanged personal reminiscences and Goodwin told his story. The last time he had been in Chicago was when he was 12 years old. His family had lived in Boroboo, Wis., and when his father died he had started with his mother for New York. In the crowded railroad station in Chicago he had become separated from his mother. By mistake he got into an excursion tram for Niagara falls, and was carried to Buffalo. There a benevolent man in the stat on helped him to New York, where he hoped to find his mother. He did not find her nor any of his relatives, but got work on a railroad boat, in a store, and supported himself for six years. Then he went West to look for his mother, caught the California fever, and turned up in a miners' camp on the coast. He struck "pay dirt," invested his earnings in San Francisco, and made money rapidly.

He had written often to people in Chicago and elsewhere to ask about his mother, and now he was coming East to look for her.

Goodwin was in the convention the day Harrison was nominated. Just as he was coming out a patrol wagon went by with an old woman in it. Police were taking her to the poorhouse. Goodwin looked at her, stopped the wagon and found his mother. Yesterday he started for San Francisco with her.

General McIntosh Dead.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., June 30.—General John B. McIntosh of the United States army, retired, died last night at his residence in this city, of heart disease, aged 60 years.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS.

Officially Notifying the "Old Roman" of the Choice.

Matson Says Harrison Will Not Succeed in Capturing Indiana.

Notes and Incidents of Opening the Campaign.

COLUMBUS, O., June 28.—The Democratic national notification committee, appointed at the St. Louis convention to officially notify Hon. Allen G. Thurman of his nomination for the vice presidency arrived here at 9 o'clock this morning by a special train. There were 41 in the party, including several members of the national committee.

At 1 o'clock the committee, escorted by the reception committee, was driven to the judge's residence and performed their official duty.

The committee was received in the parlors of the Thurman residence. Chairman Collins briefly stated the object of the call, when Charles D. Jacob, Mayor of Louisville, Ky., read the formal letter of notification. It was signed by all the members of the committee. Addressing Judge Thurman, he said:

"You embrace the highest type of American citizenship and no matter what the crisis might be the government would be safe in your hands."

In reply Judge Thurman thanked the committee for their courtesy. He was profoundly grateful for the nomination because it was unsought and undesired by him, nor that he underestimated the distinction, but he had ceased to be ambitious for public honors. The country is honestly governed, he said, and the interests of the country require Cleveland's re-election, and the hope that he might contribute to this result had its influence in inducing him to accept.

Judge Thurman expressed himself as being in favor of reducing taxation so that a surplus would not accumulate in the treasury, which he believed to be a great danger to the institutions of the country. Judge Thurman was frequently applauded.

An informal reception followed, in which Mrs. Thurman participated. The committee left for Washington at 7 p. m.

RATIFIED IN NEW YORK.

Enthusiastic Meeting of Democrats in the Metropolis.

A great and enthusiastic meeting was held at the Academy of Music, New York, Thursday night, the occasion being the ratification of the St. Louis nominations by the County Democracy. The large auditorium was packed. On the platform sat 500 prominent Democrats, including the speakers of the evening. D. Willis James presided, and when at the opening of the meeting portraits of Cleveland and Thurman were lowered from the flies into view they were greeted with tumultuous applause. A number of letters of regret were read, among them one from Mayor Hewitt, whose name was received with mingled hisses and applause. In his letter the Mayor says his official duties would keep him from active participation in the coming presidential campaign, but he would not be indifferent to the novel issue presented. He says both platforms concede that the national revenues are largely in excess of the expenditures required for the economical conduct of the government. This was the case four years ago, and then the party then pledged themselves to take steps to reduce the revenue by a revision of the tariff. The pledge thus given has not been fulfilled, because the Republicans in Congress have successfully thwarted all the Democratic efforts to revise the tariff. In 1880 the Democratic party renewed its pledge to reduce them, revenue by reducing the taxes, but the Republican party having resisted all efforts looking to this end, have been forced by the inexorable logic of the situation, to declare in favor of reducing the revenue by increasing the taxes.

In the coming election, therefore, the issue is made between a tariff for revenue and protection, but the burning question is, Shall the revenue be reduced by the reduction of tariff taxes, or shall it be reduced by the increase of these taxes? Both plans are feasible, but both cannot be right. If we do not allow this issue to be obscured, the country will assuredly give us an enthusiastic overwhelming triumph to the Democratic party in the coming election.

Resolutions were read indorsing the nominations of Cleveland and Thurman and the Democratic platform, and pledging to both hearty and unqualified support.

Judge Gaynor was then introduced amid enthusiastic reception, men rising in all parts of the hall, waving bandannas, fans and hats. He spoke at considerable length, comparing the records of the two parties on the tariff and other questions.

Governor Hill praised President Cleveland's administration as free from scandals, panics and extravagances.

Congressman McMillen and Colonel John R. Fellows also spoke.

An overflow meeting was also held in Nilson Hall, where the speakers were Congressman McAdoo, ex-Governor Abbett of New Jersey and others.

WANTED—A CANDIDATE.

Republican Gubernatorial Nomination in the Granite State.

CONCORD, N. H., June 30.—Nobody especially available seems to have any aspirations for the gubernatorial nomination on the Republican ticket in this State. The office, the nomination and election to which cost Samuel W. Hale and Moody Currier a half-hundred thousand dollars each, still remains unsought.

Governor Sawyer has not the slightest notion of subscribing again. He is fully conscious of the insurmountable embarrassments that would beset his second canvass from certain injudicious appointments, and especially from his radical railroad vetoes of last summer.

Councillor N. E. Clark of Plaistow has been urging the candidacy of his fellow councillor, John B. Smith of Hillsboro, who is said to have a "barrel," but within a day or two he has positively declined to be considered in the field.

John Kimball of this city and Hiram A. Tuttle of Fitzwilliam have also refused to be candidates. It may be that the Republican State committee, at its meeting soon to be held, will advertise:

"Wanted—A popular candidate for governor by the Republican party of New Hampshire; terms as heretofore, $25,000 before and $25,000 after nomination. It is supposable that the applicant should be a well-dressed and handsome man, of social culture, experience in public affairs, and of executive ability. It is also considered desirable that he be a Granger, a Red Man and a Prohibitionist, also in favor of license, but none need apply except very rich men who are ready to 'come down with the stuff.'"

The rumor has reached here that Colonel Thomas Cogswell of Gilmanton does not care to again be a candidate for governor on the Democratic ticket, but it is more probable that his popular nomination will be insisted on by his friends in the Grand Army and elsewhere.

No other candidate on the Democratic side has received mention, except Charles H. Amsden of Penacook and Mayor John Hosley of Manchester.

CAN'T CARRY INDIANA.

Representative Matson Shows Where Harrison Will Fail.

WASHINGTON, June 29.—"What is General Harrison's strength in Indiana?" asked THE GLOBE correspondent of Representative Matson, the Democratic candidate for governor of that State.

"Perhaps this," said Mr. Matson, "as coming from Indiana, will answer your question." And he showed the reporter the following despatch, published in the Indianapolis Sentinel, from Evansville:

"The Bulletin, the only Republican afternoon paper published in the city, has the following to say in regard to the nomination of Harrison: 'The news fell like a wet blanket. Harrison is the very last man the Republicans of south Indiana wanted, and the probabilities are that he will be defeated in his own State by 10,000.'"

"To what do you attribute the party disaffection in southern Indiana?" asked the reporter.

"To the efforts of the Harrison machine to control the delegates from that district to the national convention. I do not lay very much stress upon that, however, as I have no doubt the malcontents will be whipped in by the party lash before November."

"What do you think of Harrison's chances of carrying Indiana?"

"I don't see how he is going to do it. Gray's majority in 1884 was 7892, and Cleveland's 5531. Where Harrison is to get the votes to overcome this majority I cannot imagine. He is distasteful to the Greenback and labor element, who number 5000 or 6000, and hold the balance of power, and the same may be said of the Prohibitionists."

DEMOCRATIC CLUBS.

Grand Gathering to be Held at Baltimore—City Decorated for $8000 Democratic Visitors.

BALTIMORE, Md., July 1.—The Democratic clubs are coming many thousands strong, and the Fourth of July in this old town this season will see the grandest ratification of the Democratic ticket ever given. The bandanna boys are coming from California and Florida, and from every other State in the Union.

The dry goods stores of Baltimore have laid in several thousand miles of bandanna cloth with which to decorate the city, and it will be painted the brightest sort of red.

The committee has been busy for weeks, but there has been a lack of financial interest in the business community which is not very creditable. It should have been an easy matter to have raised about $30,000 for the entertainment of the visitors in a solidly Democratic city like Baltimore, but the committee on collection will be glad if they can raise $12,000, which modest sum is all they ask.

It had been intended to erect an immense wigwam to seat 8000 persons, but economy has compelled the abandonment of that idea.

It has been decided to hold the convention in Ford's Opera House, which in a tight squeeze may hold about 3000 persons.

Eight thousand visiting Democrats are expected with their families. The famous Calumet Club of Baltimore is determined to give their comrades a good time. The Crescent Club will also do the handsome thing, and while there will not be a lavish display, all the visitors will be assured a very pleasant two or three days' sojourn in the Democratic Gate City of the solid South.

Six hundred clubs have registered as certain to attend the convention. The basis of representation in the convention will be five delegates to each club containing not more than 100 members, seven delegates to each club containing more than 100 and not more than 300, and nine delegates for each club containing more than 300 members. The club delegates from other States will number over 2000, and three times that number will come from various points in Maryland and the District of Columbia.

The principal business of the convention will be the organization of a national league and an executive committee, the latter to be composed of members from every State in the Union. There is some talk of making Senator Gorman a prominent officer of the National League.

President Cleveland is expected to come over from Washington and address the convention. Speaker Carlisle, Senator Blackburn and other prominent Democratic statesmen have accepted invitations.

The convention will sit on the 4th and 5th of July. The session of the Fourth will be a short one, with very little business and an abundant display of patriotism. There will be a grand display of fireworks in the evening. The entertainment of the visiting delegates will include a banquet and an excursion on the Chesapeake bay.

The Thurman Club of Columbus, O., and the Hendricks Club of Indianapolis are coming in fine style. The noted Iroquois Club of Chicago will send a delegation, and the Juno Club of Wisconsin will come 300 strong.

Democratic Headquarters.

NEW YORK, June 29.—The national Democratic committee has appointed the following executive committee, with William B. Barnum as chairman: California, M. F. Tarpey; Florida, Samuel Pasco; Georgia, John H. Estill; Illinois, Erskine M. Phelps; Iowa, J. J. Richardson; Kansas, Charles P. Blair; Kentucky, Henry McHenry; Maine, Arthur Sewall; Maryland, Arthur P. Gorman; Michigan, O. M. Barnes; Minnesota, Michael Doran; Missouri, John G. Prather; New Hampshire, A. W. Sulloway; New Jersey, Miles Ross; New York, Hermann Oelrichs; North Carolina, W. H. Rayner; Ohio, Calvin S. Brice; Pennsylvania, W. L. Scott; Rhode Island, J. B. Barnaby; South Carolina, F. W. Dawson; Tennessee, R. F. Looney; Vermont, Hiram Atkins; Virginia, John S. Barbour; West Virginia, William M. Clements; Wisconsin, John L. Mitchell.

Headquarters, 10 West Twenty-ninth street, has been selected as national headquarters and will be put in order at once.

Nomination by Vermonts Republicans.

At the Republican State and district convention at Montpelier, Wednesday, Hon. W. P. Dillingham of Waterbury was nominated by a viva voce vote for governor. For lieutenant governor, U. A. Woodbury of Burlington was nominated and chosen by acclamation. W. H. Dubon of West Randolph was nominated for State treasurer, and Hon. E. H. Powell for auditor, both being chosen by acclamation. For presidential electors at large, R. G. Wilson and H. R. Start were both chosen by acclamation.

The second district convention was held. Hon. W. W. Grout was nominated by D. H. D. Dalton of Brattleboro, and unanimously chosen as the nominee for Congress.

Immediately upon the adjournment of the district convention the State convention was again called to order. A letter from Congressman Grout was read, as well as a stirring telegram from the Vermont delegates.

Belva Lockwood's Campaign.

NEW YORK, June 29.—Mrs. Belva Lockwood, the Equal Rights party candidate for president, will open her campaign here July 10.

"We will have our headquarters fixed by the time she comes," said Miss C. A. Blodgett to a GLOBE reporter yesterday. "We have just been looking for rooms on Twenty-third street. I believe the candidate for vice president has not yet been accepted. should vote in favor of nominating a woman for it also. We expect to interest the laboring element in the movement. We intend to enter the congressional districts with candidates."

National Republican Committee.

CHICAGO, June 26.—The meeting of the Republican national committee was held at the Grand Pacific after the convention last night. J. S. Clarkson was elected permanent chairman and Samuel Fessenden permanent secretary. A committee of seven was appointed to secure a New York headquarters and to make other preliminary arrangements. J. S. Clarkson was made chairman of this committee, the other members being J.S. Fassett, New York; J. M. Haynes, Maine; Samuel Fessenden, Connecticut; George W. Hooker, Vermont; Garrett A. Hobart, New Jersey; and John C. New, Indiana. The committee adjourned to meet at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, July 11.

Providing the Sinews of War.

WASHINGTON, June 28.—The Democrats of the Senate held an order of business caucus this morning, and formally decided by a vote to insist on the postponement of all matters before the Senate except the regular appropriation bills, and to oppose the usual adjournment from Thursday until Monday, the purpose being to secure the passing of the more important appropriation bills before the end of the fiscal year, and thus avoiding the necessity of passing makeshift resolutions to keep the departments running.

Blaine Will Take the Stump.

WASHINGTON, June 28.—Representative Milliken of Maine said today that he was convinced that when Mr. Blaine returned from Europe, if he was in good health, he would take the stump for the Republican ticket and go wherever he could do the most good. Mr. Milliken thinks that if Harrison is elected Blaine will be the next secretary of state.

New York Prohibitionists.

The New York Prohibitory State convention has made these nominations: Governor, W. Martin Jones of Rochester; lieutenant governor, George B. Powell of Columbia county; judge of Court of Appeals, Charles W. Stevens of Hornellsville.

The Vote in Oregon.

The official canvass of the vote of the State on the congressional election resulted as follows: Hermann, Rep., 32,820; John M. Gearing, Dem., 25,412; George M. Miller, Pro., 1974; Hermann's plurality, 7470.

Grasshoppers at $1 a Bushel.

ST. PAUL, June 30.—Grasshoppers have recently appeared by the million in this vicinity and seriously threaten the total annihilation of crops. A vigorous warfare is being waged against them. Several contrivances for catching and destroying them are being used. It has been decided to pay $1 a bushel for the hoppers.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Home Rule the Leading Subject of Debate.

Notable Parliamentary Victory for the Unionist Government.

Germany and the Usual War Scare—Various Notes.

The great event in British politics of the week is the victory obtained by the government over the motion of censure proposed by John Morley and supported by Mr. Gladstone. It resulted in one of the largest majorities for the Unionist government it has ever obtained. On Monday, June 23, John Morley moved to censure the government for its administration of the Irish crimes act as calculated to undermine respect for the law, estrange the people of Ireland, and prove injurious to the interests of the empire. He accused Mr. Balfour of refusing to give information as to how the coercion act operated; of grave inaccuracy in statements regarding prosecutions; of injustice towards prisoners, both before trial and after conviction, and of balking their appeals and allowing them to be maltreated under prison rules. A crying instance of perversion of the law, he said, was the conviction of Mr. Dillon. The government had contended that the crimes act created no new offences. But Mr. Dillon had been convicted of no offence against ordinary law, but simply of an imaginary offence created under the crimes act. He instanced a number of other convictions as a burlesque of justice, and said that the proceedings of the courts resembled incidents in a comic opera.

Mr. Goschen, chancellor of the exchequer, replied that it was the introduction of anarchical ideas regarding obedience to the law, and a new and immoral interpretation of the duties of the citizen, that had made Ireland what it was. The government, conscious of a just administration of the crimes act and of the approval of law-abiding people, were ready to meet the motion with every respect.

William O'Brien, Nationalist, held that the plan of campaign never really troubled the people, and that they approved it.

Mr. Gladstone, who upon rising was received with cheers, said that however much he was afflicted with loss of memory through infirmities of age, he hoped, for a time at any rate, that he would remain able to cope with antagonists of the calibre of Mr. Chaplin. What was more significant about the state of Ireland than the fact that 19 out of the 86 Nationalist members had been sent to prison? He ventured to say that if they went to their constituents, all of these 19 would be returned by larger majorities than before, if only because they were sufferers through the wrong-doing of the government. The government's vote might accelerate the action of the cabinet direct to St. Petersburg, where he will remain for several days. During his stay magnificent fetes will be given in his honor. The arrangements for King Humbert's visit to Berlin will be agreed upon at a meeting between Premier Crispi and Prince Bismarck today.

Earl Spencer, in a speech at Thornbury, said that the government had failed in one of its principal objects, namely, to crush the league, the subscribers to which, and the influence of which were as large as ever. Repression, he said, would do more harm than good in Ireland, but, if the policy of representative institutions were tried it would succeed. He hoped that Mr. Gladstone would live to see such a policy inaugurated.

Mr. Fitzgerald, Parnellite, was elected Saturday, without opposition, to fill the vacant seat in the House of Commons for County Longford. The Nationalists of South Sligo are much irritated at the selection by the leaders of the party of Barrister Edward Leamy to succeed E. J. Kennedy (resigned) in Parliament from that district. They favored the Mayor of Sligo as their representative in the House of Commons and threaten to oppose Mr. Leamy.

Twelve Thousand People Homeless.

LONDON, June 30.—The property destroyed by the recent fires at Sundsvall and Umea, Sweden, was valued at 45,000,000 kroner. Twelve thousand persons were rendered homeless by the flames. King Oscar is visiting the districts and is engaged in relieving the wants of the sufferers. Houses, forests and standing crops on farms in other districts were also burned.

Woodside Defeats Allard.

AMSTERDAM, June 30.—Woodside, the Philadelphia bicyclist, won

AROUND THE FARM.

THE FAIRS.

Agricultural Fairs to Take Place Next Fall.

We give below a list of appointments for state and other general exhibitions, and shall be glad to be favored with additions:

STATE AND GENERAL EXHIBITIONS.

Alabama, Montgomery	Oct. 22, Oct. 27
American Institute, New York	Oct. 3, Dec. 8
Buffalo, Buffalo	Sept. 4, Sept. 14
California, Sacramento	Sept. 3, Sept. 15
Cincinnati Centennial	July 4, Oct. 27
Colorado, Pueblo	Oct. 2, Oct. 6
Connecticut, Meriden	Sept. 11, Sept 14
Dakota, Huron	Sept. 24, Sept. 30
Delaware, Dover	Sept. 24, Sept. 29
Georgia, Macon	Oct. 10, Oct. 19
Illinois, Olney	Sept. 24, Sept. 28
Illinois Fat Stock, Chicago	Nov. 13, Nov. 24
Indiana, Indianapolis	Sept. 17, Sept. 22
Iowa, Des Moines	Aug. 31, Sept. 7
Kansas, Topeka	Sept. 17, Sept. 22
Kentucky, Lexington	Aug. 28, Sept. 1
Louisiana, Shire eport	Nov. 5, Nov. 10
Maine, Gwiston	Sept. 11, Sept. 14
Maryland, Hagerstown	Oct. 16, Oct. 19
Massachusetts (Bay State), Springfield	Oct. 4, Oct. 11
Massachusetts Horticultural, Boston	Sept. 18, Sept. 21
Michigan, Jackson	Sept. 10, Sept. 14
Minnesota, St. Paul	Sept. 10, Sept. 15
Mississippi, Jackson	Oct. 8, Oct. 13
Montana, Helena	Aug. 20, Aug. 25
Nebraska, Lincoln	Sept. 7, Sept. 14
New England, Worcester	Sept. 4, Sept. 7
New Hampshire Grange, Tilton	Sept. 12, Sept. 14
New Jersey, Waverley	Sept. 17, Sept. 21
New York, Elmira	Sept. 17, Sept. 22
Nova Scotia Provincial, Truro	Sept. 4, Oct. 19
Ohio, Columbus	Sept. 10, Sept. 15
Ontario Provincial, Kingston	Sept. 17, Sept. 22
Oregon, Salem	Sept. 3, Sept. 15
Pennsylvania, Philadelphia	Sept. 24, Sept. 28
Rhode Island, Providence	Oct. 1, Oct. 6
St. Louis, St. Louis	Oct. 1, Oct. 6
South Carolina, Columbia	Nov. 12, Nov. 16
Tennessee, Nashville	Sept. 22, Sept. 29
Texas, Dallas	Oct. 11, Oct. 31
Vermont, Burlington	Sept. 11, Sept. 14
Virginia, Richmond	Oct. 3, Nov. 21
West Virginia, Wheeling	Aug. 27, Aug. 31
Wisconsin, Madison	Sept. 17, Sept. 21
Wisconsin Industrial, Racine	Sept. 4, Sept. 7
Wyoming, Cheyenne	Sept. 25, Sept. 28

THE PRICKLY COMFREY.

A God-Sent Plant which Will Work a Revolution in Dairying and Stock-Raising.

This plant is a native of Siberia. It grows on the Caucasus mountains, and is fed to immense herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. Its roots are eaten by many of the inhabitants. Its botanical name is symphytum asperrimum. It resembles the European comfrey which we frequently see by the roadside. The leaves of prickly comfrey have a deeper green and are far more numerous than those of the European comfrey. I have counted over 200 leaves on a hill at one time. Then, too, cattle seem to relish prickly comfrey, while they refuse to eat the common comfrey unless it is cured for winter. Prickly comfrey was taken from its native country to the botanical gardens in St. Petersburg, Russia. From there it was sent to Mr. Thomas Christy of London, England, many years ago, and from thence to the United States by Orange Judd in 1876. It has been used by the dairy farmers in England and Ireland many years. In the latter place they raise 100 tons of green fodder to an acre in a season.

Since its introduction into this country it has had many warm friends and inveterate enemies. People were cautious in purchasing; would buy only a few roots, and many would neglect taking care of them and get only a meagre growth. Then they would offer the few handfuls of tops to their cows, which they would refuse to eat; there was not enough to give them the second feeding, and if they did their stock would very likely refuse to eat it again. They would then denounce it a humbug. As the heart of man is prone to evil, it is much better adapted to believe a falsehood than the truth. Others hearing those unfriendly statements have spoken against it, and this is why so few have gone into it, and why it is not more generally raised. While this tirade has been going on the more sensible and thoughtful who read and are posted in reference to the matter concluded that if cattle, sheep and hogs did so finely upon it in its native country there was no good reason why cattle and stock would not do well upon it in the United States. So they gave it a thorough trial, and were highly successful. It has now a reputation which ignorance, prejudice and calumny cannot overcome. It has proved itself superior to all other forage plants. From early May till cut down by severe freezing in the fall, it is in readiness to be fed.

Last year I began to cut mine and feed it in April. We have a backward spring this season, and I did not begin to feed mine until the 14th of May. I might have begun several days sooner, yet I thought it not best. In our climate it can be cut about five times in a season, or once in 30 days. On good ground the second season, and afterward it is safe to calculate about 50 tons of green fodder to an acre in a season. If the ground is very rich I think it is safe to calculate 5 pounds to a hill at a cutting. Five cuttings would make 25 pounds for the season to a hill. Setting in rows 2½ feet apart, and two feet in a row would make 7260 hills to an acre, which would make 90 tons of green fodder to an acre for a season.

Then, too, the plant is very nutritious. The analysis made last fall at the New York Experiment Station placed it ahead of corn fodder, timothy and clover. This is the analysis:

	Albuminoids. Green.	Dry.
Clover	3.31	14.56
Corn fodder	2.45	8.39
Timothy	3.23	6.31
Prickly comfrey	3.60	17.31

On page 72 in the report of the board of control of the State Experiment Station, New York, it reads as follows: "Feeding 60 Holstein Friesian grades two feedings a day; cows prefer it to any other green fodder we can supply them. Pages 41, 42 and 423: "Have five acres." "We have been using comfrey five years, and we think more of its value this year than any previous year." Cut it five times, averages 50 tons to an acre for the season." "We have no forage plant that compares with it in producing supply [sup]ply [sup]ply milk." "From a chemical standpoint we have in prickly comfrey a promising forage plant for those interested in soiling, and we would recommend its careful trial by the farmers of our own State." Annual report, 1888. I have used it three years, and have tried to gather what little information there is in reference to it. I look upon it as a God-sent plant to our country, which will eventually work a great revolution in dairying and stock-raising.

I never so fully realized its value as I did last season. My pasture failed about Aug. 10. I gave my cows a large feeding of comfrey every morning, rather more than they could eat, but what they left at night they would pick up in the morning. As long as I fed comfrey in the fall my cows gave a large flow of milk, very nearly as much as during the fore part of the season. I could see scarcely any difference. Then, too, when I finished feeding comfrey they went joyfully fat enough for beef, which I think added fully $5 extra value to each of my cows. The advantages of prickly comfrey over sowed corn are numerous. Sowed corn is an annual and must be put in every season, while prickly comfrey is perennial, and when once set lasts a lifetime. Sowed corn can only be used in the latter part of the season; prickly comfrey after the first season will be fit to cut about 10 days before pasture will do to turn into, and can be fed all the season, generally till about Nov. 1. Sowed corn is liable to be cut down by frost, while comfrey will stand about as much freezing as carrot tops or cabbages. Sowed corn does not increase the flow of milk very much, while prickly comfrey produces more milk than the best green fodder. While sowed corn makes good milk, prickly comfrey makes much better, and leaves the herd in a much finer condition. It produces a much larger quantity of fodder than sowed corn, and is decidedly better to feed to hogs, which do finely upon it from early spring till late in the fall. If a farmer can sell his pork for $2.50 per 100 pounds if he has sufficient comfrey he can afford to fatten hogs. As a winter food it has more than twice the amount of nutritiousness of sowed corn, and is more wholesome and much more easily masticated. I will leave the matter by adding that it can be set from early spring till July 1, and realize good crops the first season.—[Ohio Farmer.

THE DAIRY.

Co-operative Creameries — Let the Farmers Conduct Their Own Business—Brine Washing and Salting Butter.

Farmers may as well stand by each other as to be "held up" by a speculator. If they will discard all jealousies, and work each for the interest of all, there is no reason why they may not receive all the benefit of a co-operative creamery. They can hire good drivers and butter-makers as well as any creamery man, and the profits of the latter then go to pay expenses, not running outlay in addition. The buyer often deducts from four to six cents from New York prices, to pay for collecting, etc. In a small factory, with long routes, this might not be too much; but with the well-patronized factory it would be far too great. In other localities they propose to pay the same for "an inch" of cream that butter sells for at the store—less than half usually of what creamery butter sells for in New York or Chicago. Standard cream should have its value appraised at its worth for making the best creamery butter. It will hardly pay to start a creamery with less than 400 "pledged cows." The bane of the creamery system is, patrons pull off on all sorts of excuses, some of them thin as a shadow. The more good cows the better, as it does not cost proportionately more to collect and make from 600 or 1000 cows than from 300; requires only the same help and machinery; the extra expense is in collecting cream, packing, etc. In organizing a creamery on the co-operative plan, the exact cost of building and equipping it (usually less than $1500) should be the capital stock. The stock company with $7000 to $10,000 capital can usually sold at assignee's sale, which gives one party the money and the farmers the experience. Let such alone. Let the farmers conduct their own business of creamery management, through a manager and salesman selected from among their own numbers. Pay him a reasonable compensation for the time he devotes to the affairs of the creamery. Employ the best butter-maker to be had, even if you do pay him $75 a month. Consign the butter each week to reliable commission men, and stay with them, and establish a reputation; that's what sells butter. Let unknown parties alone, who send out "sugar-coated" promises. The first thing is to decide upon some system, and formulate regulations that may be as nearly complied with as possible. This should be decided upon sufficiently early, that all patrons may be enabled to prepare in accordance with the rules. This is necessary so that as uniform a collection of cream may be had as possible; for the closer this is adhered to the better, and more equitable to all will be the result, and there must be an observance of the rules throughout the season.

There should be uniform care and feeding of all the dairies of the patrons, to get cream of as equal density as possible, so that each patron may have his share of the butter made. The character of the feed has much to do, not only with the butter-fat contents of cream, but with its churnability. Sample lots of cream of exact like measurement from different dairies will not churn out uniform weights of butter; but if the cows are fed and cared for alike, the milk set as nearly alike as possible will give cream from each dairy that will fairly average when combined. There is much disagreement about the merits of deep-setting and the centrifuge for a creamery. With the centrifuge the milk must all be taken to the creamery to be separated, which limits the area of the creamery to a territory as a boundary of about four miles from the building. The freightage is about 12 times more for the whole milk than for its cream. While there is no doubt that the centrifuge will get more butter out of 100 pounds of milk, the question turns on this: Will the small per cent. of extra butter compensate for the extra freightage over the cream-gathering plan? The route of the cream-gatherer is almost unlimited. Creamery men here start often 15 miles away from the creamery to collect. Two or three routes will concentrate 8 or 10 miles away, and the cream is brought in the combined collections. All this lessens expense on a well-organized route or routes, which cannot apply when milk is collected, as it must be at the creamery within two hours of milking. The expense of fitting out creameries by either system is not greatly different, as the separator in one case offsets the purchase of small cans in the other, while the fixtures of the two creameries will be otherwise alike. Butter from separator cream is as good as that from gravity cream, and keeps as well. Let the care of the cows, their feed, and care of the milk be as uniform as the cream-gathering system demands, and the same results will obtain by either system. One advantage is that in the home-creaming of milk it is left on the farms perfectly sweet to feed when it has its best feeding value. The separator milk is transported to the factory, is warmed up to over 80° to be separated; then the milk is not either cooled down nor heated up to 130°, as should be done, which in either case would insure its sweet condition for 24 hours. Put warm into the farmer's can, and the heat shut in, it usually sours before reaching home, especially if yesterday's buttermilk was added to the milk, and a loss in weight which might be remedied easily and put the two systems on nearer equality as regards the refuse milk. —[The Tribune.

Brine Washing and Salting Butter

Of late it is getting to be a common practice to make butter by the granular method, and wash and salt it with brine while still in the churn. Having tried this plan of salting for a number of years, I will give directions so that those who have never made butter this way can try it and see if they cannot save themselves a good deal of trouble, and make better butter at the same time.

As soon as the butter comes, and when the globules are about the size of millet seed, or the head of a pin, stop the churn, if the buttermilk is not used for use in the house, put some weak brine in the churn—say half as much brine as there is buttermilk. Give the churn a few revolutions, then draw off the buttermilk. Put in more brine, enough at least to float the butter, churn a little more and draw off the brine. Repeat until the brine runs out perfectly clear; then let the butter drain while you are making the strong brine for salting, which will be done by dissolving as much salt in cold water as it will take up.

Now, put this strong brine in the churn in quantity sufficient to cover the butter, and allow it to stand for a few minutes until each globule of butter has a film of brine around it, and your washing and salting is done. The salting is at the rate of one-half ounce of salt to the pound of butter, and the butter is freer of buttermilk, and all other adulterations, than by any other known way of making it.

Take out the butter and put it on the worker or in the bowl, and work just enough to make it compact and to get out the excess of brine; then print or pack. But remember one thing. Don't touch the butter with your naked hands in any stage of its manufacture.

One great advantage in making butter in this way is that it affords the easiest and the quickest way of putting the salt in butter that I know of. For instance, sometimes in winter the butter is too hard to work and print easily; then all you have to do is to warm the brine, say to 70°, before pouring it over the butter, and in a few minutes it is in about the right state to work. Or in summer, if it is too soft—and I suppose every butter-maker has had that experience—put ice in the brine, and the trouble is over.

A word about churns. If you are using a churn with a dash in it, and are going to get a new one, be sure to get one with no dash in it. Get a box or swing churn, but no dash. I prefer the barrel churn to any other I have tried. When one sees a barrel churn for the first time he is apt to think that the butter will not come in that churn, but it will, and just as quick as any dash churn, whether geared or not.

If you prefer to salt your butter with dry salt omit the strong brine, and, after taking out the butter and weighing it, put in the salt to suit your taste, and after slightly working it let it stand until the salt dissolves; then work it, and you will still have the advantages gained by washing with brine. But if you work your dry-salted butter properly it will be no saltier than if you had salted it with brine; so nothing is gained by dry-salting, and something may be lost by working the butter before the dry salt is dissolved, and thereby cutting the grain of the butter. In brine salting, the brine can be strained and skimmed, getting rid of most of the impurities usually found in salt.

THE ARMY WORM.

An Army of Devastation—They Cannot be Counted.

When first hatched they are of a whitish color, walk like loopers and drop, suspended by a silken cord when disturbed. They go out in the night to feed, returning to the place where hatched to spend the day. The travelling of the worms in large armies is abnormal. During the whole year, in regions subject to their incursions, the worms may be found in grass fields, feeding in the normal cut-worm manner. Only when so abundant that the food in the vicinity is destroyed do they march in search of further supplies. The larval life extends over a period of about 25 days, during which they pass through five molts. As they pass the winter in the larval state the last brood must live four or five months.

When marching as an army they are truly an army of devastation, and their numbers cannot be calculated. They will scarcely turn aside for anything but water, and even shallow water courses will scarcely check their progress, for the advance columns will push headlong into the water until they have so choked it up with their dead that their followers can cross upon their bodies. Many wonderful stories are told of these innumerable, destructive armies. Their history is an interesting one and would fill volumes. Professor Riley thinks that in the Northern States there are three, possibly four broods, in a year, while in the Southern States there may be more. The second brood, just before wheat harvest, appears to be the most numerous and destructive.

The army worm has a great many natural enemies among birds and fowls, which will destroy immense numbers. They also have numerous parasites. A great many means have been resorted to in order to arrest their progress. To burn over old grass fields in winter that have been visited by them will destroy great numbers of larvæ. They are very likely to follow dry seasons in the greatest numbers. They may be prevented from passing from one field to another by ditching. They may be destroyed by burning straw over them. Coal oil will block their passage. Dusting the grass ahead of them with paris green mixed with flour or plaster will poison great numbers, and we are inclined to think that, persistently followed up, it is one of the best remedies that can be applied.

THE HAY CROP.

Hints About Haying—The Best Time to Cut is Just in the "Nick o' Time."

It is fairly settled that the best time to cut grass for hay is just before the seed is so far advanced as to mature enough after cutting to germinate. The seed nutriment—the most valuable part—is then in the stalk, and cutting and curing fixes it there. Cut earlier it contains less nutriment, and cut later the seed shells out in handling, many of the leaves are dried up and wasted, and hay is largely woody fibre; besides, in maturing seeds a large and unnecessary draft is made upon the soil. Stock do not like this kind of fodder, and fed on it alone through the winter will hardly hold their own, as I have seen demonstrated. The great trouble is, where there is much to cut and help scarce, it is difficult to do it all just in the "nick o' time." In this case I would cut as fast as all hands could cock it up, and leave the drawing in until afterward. There would be some danger from injury from rain, but hay well put up in large cocks will endure a good rain with little injury, much less than permitting it to ripen. I have seen neighbors exchange work when one was ready and the other not. Clover should be cut when half of the heads are turned brown, and if it does not dry enough to go in that day it should be cocked up, even if so green that it must be spread out the next morning, for a heavy dew turns all of the exposed leaves black. It can usually be so managed as to be cured enough the day of cutting so that the curing will complete in the cock. In whatever manner it is done it should never be allowed to become so dry that the leaves shell off in handling, for this, like the other case, leaves little else but woody fibre. In cocking hay the windrows should not be "rolled" to make a foundation, for many of the stalks would turn inward and ran follow them, resulting in damaged hay all around the bottom. "Clean pitching" by forkfuls is the safe way.

ORCHARD AND FRUIT GARDEN.

Valuable and Timely Hints—How to Destroy Insects and Other Pests.

Destroying insects will be one of the leading tasks of the month. Aphides, or plant lice, will appear in dense clusters at the ends of cherry and other branches. Use strong tobacco water, or kerosene emulsion, dipping the ends of small trees and showering the large ones. As soon as holes appear in the currant or gooseberry leaves apply white hellebore. Handle carefully, as its dust causes severe sneezing. Persistently applied, the crop may be saved. We cannot hope for plums unless we shake off the curculio. Those who wish to see successful plum culture should visit the specimen plum orchard of Messrs. Ellwanger & Barry at Rochester, N. Y. A man goes through the orchard daily, shakes down, catches and destroys the insects. This is not done one day and omitted for the next two or three days. The result is such crops of such plums as are worth working for. If any caterpillar nests have escaped notice, pull them from the tree and trample on the insects. Apply a mulch of straw to the strawberry beds, to keep the fruit clean. Where fruit is marketed have boxes and crates in readiness, and pickers engaged. Go through young orchards, and if buds start where branches are not needed, rub them off and it will save pruning in ex. Look to grafts that were inserted in old trees, and train the shoots from them, as if each was a young tree planted in the ground. Begin to thin apples, pears and peaches. Newly-planted grapevines should bear but a single shoot, which should be kept tied up. Keeping the surface of a young orchard well cultivated will favor the growth of the trees, and root crops or other that will not injure the trees may be grown without injury to the trees. It is probable that many have overlooked the kerosene emulsion, though we have given it several times. Stir kerosene with half its quantity of milk until the oil disappears, and mixing one part of this mixture with 12 of water will spread over the insects. Experiments should be made, and the mixture used as weak as will destroy the particular insect.

THE APIARY.

Brief Items on Swarming.

Before a swarm issues the bees fill themselves with honey, so they will be sure of provisions for a day or two at least, and that they may be thus able to commence comb-building at once.

The old queen always goes with the swarm, and in case of second and third swarms, there are frequently several queens, but at least one unhatched queen is left in the hive.

After a swarm has clustered it may be kept for a long time without absconding by sprinkling it occasionally with water.

If the queen has her wings clipped or for any other reason fails to accompany a swarm, the bees will return to their hive or unite with another swarm, if one is out at the same time.

A few days of cool weather, or the sudden stopping of a honey flow, will cause colonies that have been preparing to swarm to tear down queen cells and destroy drone brood.

Cutting out queen-cells is not certain to prevent swarming on the part of Italians. With most colonies it will discourage swarming, however. The greatest objection to this plan is the labor it takes and the probability of missing a queen-cell when looking over combs so thoroughly crowded with bees.

To prevent swarming it is important to have your colonies well shaded, give them plenty of ventilation and an abundance of room in the surplus boxes.

Large swarms of bees will build combs straight in brood frames with much more certainty than small ones.

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When two swarms go together they may be separated by setting two hives on opposite edges of a sheet and shaking the bees between them, and brushing them with a feather to see that an equal number of bees go into each hive. Then look out, and hold to keep for the queens, and one put in each hive. Sprinkling the bees with water retards their movements, so that you are much more apt to find the queens. When the swarms that cluster together are put into one hive they should be given plenty of room in the surplus boxes, and a little brood put into the brood-chamber to insure that no brood is put above.—[Indiana Farmer.

THE NURSERY.

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I like to use rather a short root and a long cion; root about 3 inches long, and cion 5½ to 6 inches long. To do a good job I would use strictly first-class roots, and good fall-cut cions. Keep the roots fresh and lively. Have the cions in the cellar, so the root will start the cion. Great care should be taken to keep the union from drying. Would pack away immediately, tie in bundles of 100, and pack in moist sand. I have tried nearly all kinks of packing, but like sand best. Those we packed in sand last winter all came out in fine shape, set the grafts as early in the spring as possible, and work as soon as the grafts start, and keep the ground loose, and the weeds all out. By such a treatment the trees will stand from 5 to 8 feet when two years old, and be ready for market. Would bud cherry from 25th of July to 15th of August. Bud as near the root as possible, so that you can protect them with earth the first winter. Currants and gooseberry cuttings should be cut in the fall, and set immediately or tied in convenient bundles, and buried in the cellar or in open ground, and kept from frost during winter and set early in spring, and there would be no short trees in the lot. The hardest sheep to shear are heavy-fleeced, thick-wooled, gummy, dirty merinoes, and the hardest of these are the rams, with their long, twisted horns. In the coarser-wooled sheep the wool is less compact, and the shears enter more readily and cut over more surface at a clip.

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THE PASTURE.

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Take the animals off the pasture for a few days and feed them with grass and clover cut along fence rows and on the unoccupied spots which exist on nearly every farm. If this feed is carefully utilized, the cattle may be kept off the pastures three days in early June and three days toward the close of the month. And this will bring a gain of 10 days' grazing in July. There is scarcely any feed better for farm animals, especially growing stock, than green oats, and it is certainly better to cut a few acres of the oats to support the animals while the pastures are being given relief, than to reserve the oats for winter. If cut while green, after the grain is formed, but while it is yet in the milky state, the straw makes excellent feed—much better than after it is ripened, threshed and saved, as it commonly is. The necessity for feeding oats or green corn can be avoided easily by sowing green fodder crops. For this purpose we prefer sweet corn, and, second, ordinary field corn. Corn sowed on well-prepared land the last of May or 1st of June can be fed early in July. But it is better to have enough to feed after the ears have formed.

Rye is another good crop for supplementing the pastures. It may be sown as late as the first of June. Of course, it is better to sow it earlier, and yet better to sow it in the early fall; pasture it as opportunity offers during the winter and in the spring till quite late, then allow it to grow till the grain is formed, and cut it for green feed.

Turnips may be sown on ground occupied by early potatoes as soon as they have ripened, harrow the ground, which is all the preparation it needs, and sow the seed after, not before, a rain. The turnips will not be ready to use until late, yet they are available at a time usually of need, and an acre of turnips yields a large amount of good feed. The same is true of pumpkins. If planted early on good ground, they will be ready to use by the time the pastures have dried out, and will be very agreeable to every farm animal. They are also splendid medicine, especially for swine. In the general laxative, there are just what is needed when the change is made from green to dry feed. Yet other crops may be grown and other forage saved by a little forethought which otherwise would be wasted. Almost every day of the summer it is possible to save some palatable feed for the animals, which is often wasted simply because at the time pasture is abundant. But we must not wait until the pasture fails. The more we supplement it through the spring and summer, the longer it will last at the latter end of the season.—[Agriculturist.

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THE SHEEP.

Sheep-Shearing—An Accomplishment to be Obtained by Natural Training.

The wool of sheep has been used by man to protect him from the inclemencies of the weather much longer probably than history records. It would, very naturally, be one of the first resorts of primitive man, in the colder climates, to protect him from the low temperature. At first, the warm, soft covering of the sheep was only obtained at the sacrifice of the animal's life. Barbarous man knew no other way of using it except as it was attached to the skin. Shearing, cleansing, carding, spinning and weaving were the result of evolution, the products of thought, invention. Man had advanced many stages from the "simple child of nature" before he could manufacture woollen goods, and the art has continued to grow.

In pastoral countries sheep-shearing time was always regarded as a season of festivities, and even now those of Spanish descent in Mexico and in our southwestern Territories make it an important occasion—the great harvest time of the year. Our farmers, who make sheep husbandry but a branch, and not the most important one, of agriculture, have come to making less and less of the occasion. We can remember the time, however, when those farmers who owned large flocks made almost as much preparation for sheep shearing as for haying and harvest, when extra hands, expert shearers, were employed, and almost all other occupations of the farm must give way to it. Shearing sheep is a laborious, wearisome, back-aching work, and extra fare must be provided. It was also one of those occasions where the use of ardent spirits lingered longest, even longer than in the harvest field. Milk punch and egg-nog were served to the workmen by those who had vanished at intoxicants from the family and the harvest field. Even after the temperance reformation had progressed too far to permit any kind of distilled liquors on the farm, we have known a preparation of egg and cider, after the manner of eggnog, to be served to the sheep shearers.

Sheep-shearing is an accomplishment to be obtained only by training natural abilities. Not every stupid, awkward workman can make a good shearer. Few ordinary farm laborers are capable of giving satisfaction or earning wages at shearing sheep. Without the proper expertness a man will spend a long time shearing a sheep, and the work will be very unskilfully done when finished. The sheep will probably look very rough, the wool left too long in some spots, cut too short in others, and portions of the skin cut off with the fleece in others. The shearer should be gentle, kind, neither frightening nor injuring the sheep, but quick and well-practiced, careful handling the sheep so as to control him without inflicting pain or weariness, and should keep the fleece entire, so that it may be done up in a compact form with no appearance of raggedness. They should also cut off the wool even, close to the skin, and with the first clip, so that there will be no short wool in the fleece. The hardest sheep to shear are heavy-fleeced, thick-wooled, gummy, dirty merinoes, and the hardest of these are the rams, with their long, twisted horns. In the coarser-wooled sheep the wool is less compact, and the shears enter more readily and cut over more surface at a clip.

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THE HORSE.

Good Rules for Riding and Driving.

When the horse is taken out for either riding or driving, it should not be allowed to move at a fast pace for the first mile or more, otherwise, as its stomach is then full, it may injure its wind and bring on the heaves. A good rule to observe before putting the horse up to a fast gait is to let it dung three times. This relieves the bowels to a moderate extent. If necessary to stop when out and a cold wind prevails, put the horse under cover and blanket; if one is not to be had, then hitch on the lee side of some building. If in summer, put in a shade as clear from flies and mosquitoes as possible; if there is no net, cover with a cotton sheet or light blanket. The

HARRISON AND MORTON.

Biographical Sketches of the Republican Nominees.

The Leader's Name Famous in English and American History.

Levi P. Morton's Progress to Wealth and Influence.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., June 25.—General Benjamin Harrison was born at North Bend, O., in his grandfather's house, on the 20th of August, 1833. The name is historic, and he comes of a family that has furnished several distinguished men. The Harrison family has figured in history for several generations, and General Benjamin Harrison is the third one in the line who has worn that title.

Major-General Harrison was one of Oliver Cromwell's trusted followers and fighters. In the zenith of Cromwell's power it became the duty of this Harrison to participate in the trial of Charles I., and afterwards to sign the death warrant of the king. He subsequently paid for this with his life, being hanged Oct. 13, 1660.

His descendants emigrated to America, and the next of the family that appear in history is Benjamin Harrison of Virginia, as a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses and later of the Colonial Congress. He bore an active and leading part in the patriotic governments of the revolutionary period; was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; was three times elected governor of Virginia, and was a member of the convention that ratified the Constitution. He was the father of General William Henry Harrison, who won renown as a soldier and statesman. The public career of this Harrison was so long and honorable that the mere enumeration of his offices and services would fill a large space. His career culminated with his election as president in 1840, and was cut short by death within a month after his inauguration.

President Harrison was the father of John Scott Harrison, who was the father of the subject of this sketch. General Harrison inherited

A Robust Intellect

that matured early. He entered Miami University, Oxford, O., at the age of 16, and graduated at 18. His teachers and classmates have borne testimony to the ease with which he held down in all college contests and his early promise of future success.

Professor David Swing says that Harrison while at Oxford, although very young, was a studious scholar and gave evidence of being foremost in whatever he might undertake. He there acquired the habits of study and mental discipline which have characterized him through life, enabling him to grapple with any subject on short notice, to concentrate his intellectual forces and to give his mental energies that sort of direct and effective operation that indicates the trained and disciplined mind.

The young man's strongest inclination was for the law. Perhaps he inherited that bent, or his mental constitution impelled him that way. Certainly no man ever possessed a more distinctively legal mind. On quitting college he commenced the study of law in Cincinnati with Hon. B. S. Storer, and in 1854 came to Indianapolis to begin the practice. At that time he was just 21 years old, a solid looking, square-shouldered young man with an uncommonly large, well-poised head, a rather serious looking face and quiet, dignified manners that indicated reserve force.

He had reason to look a little serious. He was now a married man among strangers with nothing but his personal efforts to depend upon, and his professional position yet to make. He inherited nothing from his father but his education. He was poor and unknown, and as yet he lacked the opportunity to show what was in him. That was not long in coming, and with it came the demonstration.

One of his earliest employments was by the Democratic governor, at that time Joseph A. Wright, in a legislative investigation when he

Displayed Great Ability.

This led to other employments, and he was soon recognized as a rising young lawyer. From that time to the present he has continued to be a rising and a very busy lawyer.

His partner, Hon. W. P. Fishback, says: "He possesses all the qualities of a great lawyer in rare combination. He prepares a case with consummate skill. His written pleadings are models of clearness and brevity. He is peerless in Indiana as an examiner of witnesses; he discusses a legal question in a written brief or in oral argument with convincing logic, and as an advocate it may be said of him that when he has finished an address to a jury, nothing remains to be said on that side of the case."

The young lawyer drifted inevitably into politics. The Republican party was then just being organized, and the great issues that were to mark its political alignment were formulating. All young men of generous impulses were attracted to it. Harrison was a Kentuckian by instinct and education. His splendid oratorical powers brought him into great demand. He soon became known as one of the best of the young Republican speakers. In the State he was not afraid of anybody on the stump.

In the memorable Lincoln campaign of 1860, and the last, Hendricks was opened to have appointments to speak in the same town on the same day. It was arranged that they should divide time, and Mr. Hendricks expected

To Amuse Himself

by devouring the white-haired young man who thus unexpectedly became his prey. He did not do it. The result of the meeting was a surprise to both sides. Democrats admitted that Mr. Hendricks had met his match, and Republicans thought he was badly worsted.

During the next four years Mr. Harrison devoted himself closely to his practice of law, making political speeches in the city or local campaigns when called upon.

In 1860 he was nominated for reporter of the Supreme Court, a position he desired because it was in the line of his profession, and would bring a needed increase of income. This was the memorable campaign in which Lincoln was elected. From the beginning to the end of it Harrison's plume waved in the thickest of the fight, and his voice was not the least potent among those of the many eloquent orators of that day. He was elected.

In July, 1862, Governor Morton, under the call of the president for 300,000 three years troops, requested Harrison to assist in recruiting the regiment from the sixth Indiana district. His was the first commission issued by the governor for the Seventieth Regiment, bearing date July 14, 1862, and making him a second lieutenant. He inspired enthusiasm where ever he went and soon raised Company A, of which he was elected captain. Then he assisted in filling the other companies of the regiment, which was complete and ready to go to the front in less than one month, and was made its colonel. Governor Morton suggested when Harrison took out his recruiting commission that it would be too much to ask him to surrender the civil office to which he had been elected, and that he would find some one else to take the regiment to the field. Colonel Harrison preferred, however, to go to the front, saying that he would not ask a man to go where he himself would not go, showing

A Soldierly Quality

that marked the whole of his military career.

After a variety of service in Kentucky and Tennessee during the next 18 months, up to January, 1864, Colonel Harrison's regiment was formally assigned to the First Brigade (Ward's) of the third division of the Twentieth Army Corps, and with this organization he served until the close of the war. During the Atlanta campaign Colonel Harrison won the highest honors of a soldier. His regiment was assigned the duty of leading the assault at Resaca on May 15, 1864, and most gallantly did he head it in that terrible work, capturing the enemy's line and four guns. Again at Peach Tree Creek, while in command of the brigade, he gained such a signal victory as to call forth the highest praise from his superior officer for his soldier qualities.

General Hooker rode down the lines the day after the fight, and as he shook hands with the young commander, said: "Harrison, by G—d, I'll make you a brigadier-general for this fight," and his word of mouth on the battle-field was supplemented by a following hearty letter of commendation, written to the secretary of war. A few months later, during the absence of General Harrison in the field, the Democratic Supreme Court reporter vacant, and another person was elected to the position.

From the time of leaving Indiana with his regiment until the fall of 1864, after the capture of Atlanta, General Harrison had taken no leave of absence, but having been nominated by the State convention of that year for the office from which he had been ousted, he took a thirty days' leave of absence and, under orders from the War Department, reported to Governor Morton for duty. During that thirty days' leave he again made a brilliant canvass of the State, and was elected for another term. He rejoined the army, was in the siege and battle of Nashville, and served until the surrender of Johnston, and was with his command at the

Final Grand Review

of the Union forces at Washington at the close of the war. In 1868 he declined a re-election as court reporter, and resumed the practice of law. In 1876 he became a candidate for governor under peculiar circumstances, having been placed on the ticket by the State central committee while absent from the State, to fill a vacancy caused by the declination of the regular nominee. He had before the convent on declined to take the nomination, but the action of the committee was in deference to the popular will. The nomination was entirely unsought for and undesired, but it was accepted in terms that indicated a sense of public duty.

This campaign, though unsuccessful, greatly extended General Harrison's acquaintance and reputation among the people, and from this time he was recognized as the coming man among the Republican leaders of the State.

In 1880, as usual, he took an active part in the campaign, and when it was found the Republicans had carried the Legislature he became at once the leading candidate for United States Senator. Efforts were made to create diversions in favor of others, but the voice of the party was practically unanimous for the man who had been fighting the party battles for so many years, and had been a conspicuous figure in every campaign since 1856. His nomination was plainly foreshadowed before the caucus met all other names had been withdrawn. His election gave the greatest satisfaction to Republicans throughout the State.

The service of six years in the Senate gave him a national reputation as one of the ablest men, best lawyers and strongest debaters in that body. During this period he grew very rapidly

In Public Estimation,

and proved himself fully equal to the requirements of the place and the expectations of his friends

His senatorial term expired March 4, 1887, and the Legislature to choose his successor was to be elected in the fall of 1886. The history of that campaign is still fresh in the public mind. It was in a large degree General Harrison's campaign, though others were good seconds and able assistants. He was foremost in the fight; when others wavered he advanced; when they lost heart he expressed confidence. The result attested General Harrison's wisdom and his work. The Republicans carried the State, and came within a hair's breadth of carrying the Legislature.

With the expiration of his senatorial term General Harrison returned to the practice of his profession, being now and for many years past, at the head of one of the strongest law firms in the State. Politics is a side issue with him, but when he practices politics, he practices as he does the law, with all his might.

In his private life and personal character General Harrison has the good fortune to be unassailable. Neither political opposition nor personal malice has ever dared to attack him in this regard. His character as a citizen, neighbor and friend is invulnerable.

HON. LEVI P. MORTON.

Rapid Strides in the Political Arena Since 1876.

NEW YORK, June 25.—Levi P. Morton was born in Shoreham, Vt., in 1824. His father was a lineal descendant of George Morton, who came to this country from England in the ship Ann, in 1623. Rev. Mr. Morton received only $500 a year, and therefore could give his son only a common school education. The boy early left school, and began his business life as a clerk in a Concord, N. H., dry goods store. When 21 he set up in business for himself, opening a dry goods store in Concord. Four years later, in 1849, he moved to Boston and became a member of the dry goods firm of Beebe, Morton & Co. His connection with the firm continued till 1854, when he moved to New York and founded the dry goods house of Morton, Grinnell & Co. This firm became financially involved at the beginning of the war, and compounded with its creditors at 50 cents on the dollar. Mr. Morton, not in the least discouraged, established a banking house in 1863. He made money rapidly. One day the late creditors of the firm of Morton & Grinnell received an invitation from Mr. Morton to dine with them. When they sat down at dinner each man found beneath his plate a check signed by Mr. Morton for an amount of money that paid their claim in full with interest. Mr. Morton was not legally bound to pay the money, and his honorable conduct in this matter there won him many friends. In 1868 George Bliss entered the firm, and it became known by its present title of Morton, Bliss & Co. The same year, 1868, Mr. Morton founded the London house of Morton, Rose & Co., his leading partner being Sir John Rose, late financial minister to Canada. The firm of Morton, Bliss & Co. has since been one of the most conspicuous in Wall street. One of its most noted achievements was the sale of $50,000,000 of New York Central railroad stock, belonging to William H. Vanderbilt, to English purchasers.

Mr. Morton entered political life in 1876. Late in the canvass, much to his surprise, the Republicans of the eleventh congressional district nominated him as their candidate. There was not sufficient time to make a thorough canvass, and Mr. Morton was defeated, although he reduced the usual Democratic majority 4000 votes. Mr. Morton consented to run again for Congress in the same district in 1878, and this time was elected, receiving a majority that exceeded the whole vote of his opponent.

As a member of Congress he took a prominent position whenever financial questions were under consideration. He opposed the bill providing for the unlimited coinage of silver dollars, and his influence had a great effect in defeating it. In 1880, members of the Ohio delegation at the national Republican convention, after General Garfield had been nominated for president, urged Mr Morton to accept the nomination for vice president. He well knew that Arthur was nominated for the office. President Garfield offered Mr. Morton the office of secretary of the navy, which the latter declined. He did accept from President Garfield, however, the appointment of minister to France. With the coming into power of a Democratic administration at Washington he returned home.

He has recently bought 200 acres of land on the Hudson, near Rhinebeck, and proposes to erect upon it a summer residence. He has another fine place, Fair Lawn, at Newport.

THE GIRL IN YACHTING DRESS.

A pretty girl looks pretty in
Most anything, I guess,
But prettiest to a sailor's eye
She looks in yachting dress.

Oh, when she heaves in sight, there goes
A signal of distress
That shows each man's a captive to
The girl in yachting dress!

But, tho' a many girls may go
A-sailing, bonny Bess
Is just the sweetest, dearest she
That wears a yachting dress.

Beneath her jaunty cap there flies
A red rebellious tress
That brings white horses to the waves
When she's in yachting dress.

In the snug harbor of her heart,
I grudge not to confess
I fain would refuge find from all
The rest in yachting dress.

M. N. B.

Do You Hear This, General Harrison?

[Journal of Education.]

The boy who has a new knife and doesn't manage to cut his fingers with it before dark, may some day learn how to sweep and to wash dishes successfully, but he will never get to be President of the United States, even if he lives to be 103 years old.

Only the Iceman Fails to See It.

[Lowell Citizen.]

Merriman—Is the blizzard season on again?

Graves—I should say not. What makes you think so?

Merriman — Nothing, much; only I see "Ice" in everybody's windows.

A Sufficient Hint.

[Philadelphia Ledger.]

Lightning dodged into a house at David City, Neb., melted the wire cord holding the motto, "God Bless Our Home," and dashed it on the floor. No other damage was done.

It's Time Now to Have Some New.

[Chicago Herald.]

Small amounts of the old postal currency continue to be offered for redemption at the New York sub-treasury. The amount still unredeemed is $15,000,000, but most of it is doubtless worn out or destroyed.

A Warning to Imitators.

[Kansas City Times.]

A man in Illinois started through a passenger train the other day, to take a straw vote for president. He fell off the platform between two cars and was killed.

Liquor Dealers Don't Buy Them.

[Savannah News.]

A New York snake dealer says that he has sold 1000 snakes this season, ranging in prices from $50 to $200 each.

Instead of Ringing Her Husband's.

[Philadelphia Call.]

A woman might just as well wear a ring in her nose as rings in her ears.

DROWNED BY THOUSANDS.

Mountain Torrents Sweep Over Two Mexican Towns.

Frightful Scenes in the Inundated District of Leon and Silao.

Cattle and Houses Swept Away from Lands and Much Damage Done.

EL PASO, Tex., June 26.—From the City of Mexico news has been received of great floods along the line of the Mexican Central railway, particularly at Leon and Silao. During the past 10 days the table lands between the City of Mexico and Zacatecas have been visited by unprecedented rains. Every mountain rivulet along the Central railway for more than 200 miles has been converted into a destructive torrent, and the valleys present the appearance of lakes. It has been one week today since the last train from El Paso reached this city, and telegraphic communication, which was interrupted, has only been completely restored today. Many cities and towns have been inundated, and Leon and Silao have been partially destroyed. The first intimation received in this city of the disaster in the north was a telegram from Silao, dated the 18th inst., in which it was stated that 325 houses had been destroyed, and that the people were starving.

On the 20th it was learned that the floods had been more destructive at Leon than in Silao. A railway official who made his way from Leon to Silao, a distance of 25 miles, travelled 13 miles on a raft, and his report of what he found ills this city with sorrow. It seems that on Monday, the 18th, the river broke over its dykes, and notwithstanding all efforts to check its course, it made rapid headway and finally flooded the city. As the rain fell the river rose rapidly, its volume of water flowing into the town, gradually wearing away the foundations of the buildings, which commenced to fall as night came on.

Monday night brought a scene to that city which will go down to coming generations as one of the

Most Terrible Calamities

every witnessed in any country. The people, believing themselves secure from the flood, went to bed in those parts of the town where the water had not found its way. The steady downfall of rain, with the extensive watershed of the outlying country, increased the flow of the river and rapidly extended its channel until over half of Leon was under water. The inundation in reality, and a loss of life commenced, unparalleled in the history of any of the great inundations of modern times. As the buildings fell, the unfortunate sleepers were either crushed to death or drowned. One whole night of terror followed. Men, women and children fled to the streets in their night clothes, some to find shelter on high ground, and others to be swept away by the flood.

On Tuesday morning rain was still falling, and there had been no perceptible decrease in the stream of water. The mammoth lake extended its length and breadth, and its monotonous appearance was occasionally broken by half-submerged houses and high lands cropping above its anything but placid surface. The town had a wrecked look. Where the houses had stood the night previous water was surging in its flight to lower grounds. Groups of people who had been forced by impending danger to seek flight without clothes, were standing about in the rain deploring their losses. All houses which the flood left intact were opened to the unfortunates, who were provided with everything that was available at the time.

As the rain fell more houses fell down, and the consternation of the inhabitants of the water-washed city was greater. Some went as far as to improvise rafts, think ng they could escape to the hills if worse came to worse.

All day long the rain fell, and night brought no relief. The great rainfall continued, and houses were levelled by the floods sweeping the city. No one slept. Everybody was ready to

Endanger Their Lives

if the water rose, by precipitate flight on anything that would bear the weight of a body upon the surface of the waters. All night long the people gathered in houses on the highlands, with watchers on the outside to warn them if the stream gathered greater force.

The total loss of life up to this writing had reached into hundreds, and many more lives were in imminent peril. All night it poured, until Wednesday morning saw the lake surrounding the city undiminished in size, with steady rain disturbing its surface. In the afternoon, however, it ceased raining, and the waters commenced to recede. The people recovered from their fright, though water was still covering a portion of the city. It is now estimated that 700 perished.

By permission of General Oveitan, a newspaper correspondent was allowed the privilege of seeing the devastated part of the town. Here is what he says:

"For two days I have been visiting, with great difficulty, the ruins caused by the inundation. They seem to cover no less than one-fourth of the city. In the eastern and southern precincts the streets, by the falling outward of the walls of houses have been reduced to very narrow limits, hardly permitting a passage way. The water stands three fully knee deep. The squares are nothing more than high piles of dirt capped with rafters. There are some walls yet standing. They are falling every few minutes.

"In the place of Santiago I came near being the victim of falling walls. The market of Santiago has been converted into a habitation, the poor people taking it by assault. Hundreds of families have disappeared, and it is thought they have been swept away by the flood or buried beneath the ruins.

"There is a strong stench from heaps of rubbish that once formed houses, and one is led to believe that there must be bodies buried under them. There are also bodies still floating in the water. One hundred and eleven bodies have been recovered within and among the ruins of houses, wherein are supposed to be hundreds of bodies buried. The houses destroyed are estimated at 2000 and the loss at $2,000,000.

Many other towns have been badly damaged, but loss of life is only reported from Silao and Leon. The Mexican Central has suffered severely. Several washouts occurred between Aguas Calientes and Leon, but they have now been repaired, and trains are running from El Paso as far south as Leon to Trapuato, a distance of 39 miles. At present all the available workmen throughout the adjoining country are employed in the work of repairing the road.

From Trapuato to Leon the track has been

Covered with Water

for many miles, and although the water has subsided sufficient to permit work, one bridge of considerable size and several smaller ones and numerous culverts have disappeared.

It is believed that the mail and passengers will reach this city on Monday, but it will necessarily be several days before trains can come through, and it will be necessary to transfer.

The State of Guanajuato and the Federal government are doing much to succor the victims of the flood. The last reports from Leon are heartrending. The whole population are busily working into the ruins of the fallen houses. Nearly everybody has lost relations or friends, and those who have not have seen their earthly possessions disappear in a night. The estimate of the loss of life and property given are the smallest reported, and are certainly within the bounds of truth. The very last statement, just received, places the number of houses destroyed in Leon at 2224, and the homeless families at more than 1000. More than 250 bodies have been recovered from the ruins, and there is no probability that the entire number will fall short of 700.

[Associated Press.]

ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 26.—A despatch from El Paso, Tex., says that information has been received there from the flooded district in Mexico that 1500 lives were lost by the inundation and that 10 000 bodies have been recovered. Leon is a city of 100,000 inhabitants and a large part of it is in ruins. The Mexican collector of customs at Paso del Norte received an official despatch stating that 100 miles of the Mexican Central railroad is impassible, and that it will be 10 days before the mails can get through and 20 days before freight can be moved.

His Mistake.

[Pittsburg Dispatch.]

Charles Whymper, the well known animal painter and engraver of London, told me a story a few years ago, of which the incident I've described above served to remind me.

"I dined at Alderman So-and-So's last night," Mr. Whymper said, "and as a mark of honor his eldest daughter was assigned to me to take down to dinner. She's a bright girl, but the way she drops her 'h's' is enough to make a man's hair turn gray. But I got along with her very nicely with her and Lady Blether-nton on the other side, until the ladies were on the eve of retiring to the drawing-room.

"You know the alderman but recently moved out to Highgate, and I was talking about the beautiful scenery near the house, the views to be had from the windows, the fine air and so on, when Miss —— suddenly said: 'I think I get prettier every day, don't you?'

"What could she mean? I didn't dare to answer her, so I said: 'I beg your pardon; what did you say?'

"'I think I get prettier every day.'

"There was no mistaking her words, so I said: 'Yes, I think so, too; and no wonder in such fresh air and—'

"But just then she caught her mother's eye, and with the other ladies she rose and left the room. As she went out she looked back over her shoulder with such a withering scorn in her eyes that I knew I had put my foot in it, you bet. Then it flashed upon me that I had misunderstood her. She had dropped an h. What she had said was not a silly compliment to herself. The sentence really was: 'I think Highgate prettier every day.'

I think Mr. Whymper was never invited to Alderman So-and-So's again.

CLEVELAND TO THE STUDENTS.

He Presents the Diplomas at the University of Virginia and Encourages the Ambition of All to be Presidents.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va., June 27.—President Cleveland attended the commencement exercises of the University of Virginia today, and conferred the various degrees upon the graduates.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies he held an informal reception and shook hands with 3000 people. Later in the day the President and party were the guests of the alumni.

At a luncheon held in the library, and at which 200 people sat down, the President responded to the toast "The President of the United States."

He said: "I first have to thank you for electing me a member of your society. I hope your calling for me so soon after I have become one of you is not intended as a foretaste of what you intend to do with me. Your orator said today that a friend of his en oyed himself talking. I am not that sort of a man.

"Thomas Jefferson, not Thomas Jefferson, said to me yesterday that the best thing to do in a predicament such as I find myself in today is to excuse yourself and sit down. The latter part of the advice is easy to take, but the first part is not. The first part is something like playing the fiddle; it looks easy, but it is not. I have no excuse and cannot plead ill-health nor a previous engagement.

"Still, I am ashamed that I have nothing to say. I bethought myself that your institution is the work of a man who in his young days established a government which the civilized world has admired, and in the maturity of his powers laid the foundation of this great seat of learning.

"It was his purpose at the beginning to place politics among the studies which he thought should be pursued here. I suppose that the politics that he referred to was very different from the politics to which we are accustomed today. I wonder how much attention is paid to the politics here by the students and the alumni. We hear a great deal about the student in politics. As to whether it is a good or a bad thing depends much on the student. I should say that if he were a student of politics it would be a very good thing.

"Every small boy in the country expects to be president. An experience of a little more than three years does not make me feel very kindly towards office seekers. Still, the ambition is a laudable one. I should hope that every young man would want to be president, and desire to encourage the aspiration. I ought not to say much on the subject. I don't want to dampen his ardor by telling too much about it.

"While the perplexities of the office are great, they are the perplexities of the highest executive office in the United States, and people generally are disposed to confidence of the greatest people on earth."

Secretary Bayard responded to the toast "The Jurisdiction of the United States"; Secretary Vilas to "The Cabinet"; Governor Lee to "The Governor of Virginia," and Senator Hawes to "The Congress of the United States."

After luncheon the presidential party visited Monticello and the grave of Jefferson, and at 8 o'clock left on a special train for Washington.

MENTAL OVERWORK.

Interesting Observations of the Symptoms of Mental Fatigue.

[London Lancet.]

Some interesting, though not novel, observations on the symptoms of mental fatigue were discussed at a recent meeting of the Anthropological Society. The result of these investigations goes to prove that weariness of mind, the result of work, like other forms of exhaustion, is recognizable under the two different though related aspects of irritability and of incapacity.

Further careful inquiry into the same subject would probably show that, here as elsewhere, the former of these conditions is introductory to the latter, and is the natural sequel of that stage of apparently successful overaction which is seen when an organ still fully capable is unduly stimulated. The observations referred to were culled from a series of reports by school teachers, and included details of their own sensations as well as of the children under their care. The signs of mental irritability were apparent in sleeplessness and nervous laughter; of fatigue, in sleepiness and incapacity for task work. Lolling, yawning and a languid manner told that the will was flagging. Headache suggested constraint, and would be rife in those with defective ventilation, and perhaps a too sparing diet; while some curious facts bearing on the causation of color blindness and somnambulism were also noted.

Thus, in one case the blue-color perception was for a time obliterated, and the sufferer from this defect found herself painting ivy leaves a bright orange, while in another a student, having retired to rest on the eve of an examination, awoke at his desk to find that he had been busily engaged in drawing humorous caricatures relating to a former conversation. Here we have an instance of cerebral irritation due to overwork, which suggests a somewhat close connection between dreaming and somnambulism, and affords a clew to the physiology of the latter condition.

Overwork, both mental and bodily, is at once the most general and the least regarded form of illness to which we are liable in the present age. Do what we may, it is next to impossible to escape from it; but more is, at all events, certain satisfaction in being able to recognize its features. We must not forget, however, that it is also to a considerable extent a preventable evil, and it is certainly a matter for satisfaction that this fact is not ignored by the reforming party in the Legislature. Its treatment, under all cases, must in the main consist chiefly that due attention be paid to the two great essentials of timely rest and wholesome diet.

Work, however irksome, may, it is generally allowed, be undertaken on a very liberal scale, if it is not too continuous, but is broken by timely and adequate intervals of rest. The value of a plain and liberal dietary is hardly less, and we may take it as a maxim for the times that so long as appetite and sleep are unimpaired there is no dangerous degree of overwork, and conversely, that a failure in either of these respects should be regarded as a warning signal, to which attention should be paid by relieving the strain of exertion.

BUSINESS GENIUS.

[Puck.]

Irascible old gentleman—Consume you, sir! That's my corn you stepped on!

Affable stranger—Excuse me, sir. I am deeply grieved at the result of my awkwardness, and I beg you will accept my sincerest apologies. But, since you have introduced the subject, will you allow me to say that I have here a simple and inexpensive little article, which is positively warranted to cure any case of corns, bunions, or ingrow—

What Styx Charon?

[Philadelphia Call.]

Voyager (on the banks of the Styx)—You look pretty well played out, old man.

Charon—Well, I am. If the "oldest Mason" doesn't stop dying I'll have to hire a steamboat.

Better Expurgate the Whole of It.

[Herald.]

Oh! yes; let's have an expurgated edition of the Congressional Record by all means!

CLEVELAND'S REPLY.

A Statesmanlike View of the Coming Contest.

Cherished Institutions and Welfare of the People at Stake.

The President's Reply to the Formal Notification.

WASHINGTON, June 26.—The notification committee, accompanied by the members of the national Democratic committee and the Columbia Democratic Club of the District of Columbia, met at the Arlington Hotel at 1.30 o'clock this afternoon and, forming into pairs, marched to the White House. They were ushered into the East room and ranged themselves in a circle in the south end of the room. Palms filled all the windows and alcoves in that portion of the room, and potted plants decorated the mantels.

The President was notified of their arrival, and descended to the East room, accompanied by Mrs. Cleveland, Rev. William N. Cleveland, the President's brother, and wife, of Forestport, N. Y., Mrs. W. E. Hoyt, the President's sister, of Fayetteville, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. Lamont, W. S. Bissell of Buffalo, all of whom were present at the notification of his first nomination; Mr. Bayard, Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild, Mr. and Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Endicott, Mrs. Vilas, Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson, Benjamin Folsom and Speaker Carlisle.

Their approach was the signal for a general clapping of hands on the part of the visitors, and as soon as the party had taken their places General Collins stepped forward and addressed the President as follows:

MR. CLEVELAND—We come as a committee, authorized and instructed by the national Democratic convention recently held at St. Louis, to convey formal notice of its action in naming you for the office of president of the United States during the next four years. It would ill become the occasion of your presence to express at length the full meaning and significance of that great assembly. Its expression will be found and heard elsewhere and otherwise from now till that day in November when this free and intelligent people will record their approval of your great services as chief magistrate. We beg to congratulate you upon this hearty and unanimous indorsement of your course as president by the great historic party to which all the days of your manhood you have belonged, and to congratulate the country upon the assured continuance of your wise, just and patriotic administration.

Upon concluding his remarks, Mr. Collins introduced Charles D. Jacobs of Kentucky, who read the following

Letter of Notification.

WASHINGTON, June 26, 1888.

To Hon. Grover Cleveland of New York:

SIR—The delegates to the national Democratic convention, representing every State and Territory of our Union, having assembled in the city of St. Louis on June 5 last, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the office of president and vice president of the United States, it has become the honorable and pleasing duty of this committee to formally announce to you that, without a ballot you were by acclamation chosen as the standard bearer of the Democratic party for the chief executiveship of this country at the election to be held in November next.

Great as is such a distinction under any circumstances, it is the more flattering and profound when it is remembered that you have been selected as your own successor to an office, the duties of which, during two years, have been rendered of an extraordinarily sensitive, difficult and delicate nature, because of a change of political parties and methods, after 24 years of uninterrupted domination.

This exaltation is if possible, added to by the fact that the declaration of principles, based upon your last annual message to the Congress of the United States, relative to a tariff reduction and a diminution of the expenses of the government, throws down the direct and defiant challenge for an exacting scrutiny of the administration of the executive power. Only two years ago we committed in its trust to the election of Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, and for the most searching inquiry concerning its fidelity and devotion to the pledges which then invited the suffrages of the people.

An engrossed copy of that platform, adopted without a dissenting voice, is herewith tendered to you.

In conveying, sir, to you the responsible trust which has been confided to them, this committee beg, individually and collectively, to express the great pleasure which they have felt at the results attending the national convention of the Democratic party and to offer to you their best wishes for official and personal success and happiness. We have the honor, sir, to be your obedient servants.

Signed by all the members of the committee.

The President's Reply.

President Cleveland replied as follows:

I cannot but be profoundly impressed when I see before me the representatives of the national Democracy, hearing its summons to duty. The political party to which I owe allegiance both honors and commands me. It places in my hand its proud standard and bids me bear it high at the front in a battle which it wages, bravely because conscious of right, confidently because it has faith in the people, and soberly because it comprehends the obligations which success imposes.

The message which you bring awakens within me the liveliest sense of personal gratitude and satisfaction, and the honor which you tender me is in itself so great that the utterance of it will be room for any other sentiment. And yet I cannot rid myself of grave and serious thoughts when I remember that party supremacy is not alone involved in the conflict which presses upon us, but that we struggle to secure and save for their highest welfare the institutions and happiness of a nation of freemen.

Familiarity with the great office which I hold has but added to my apprehension of its sacred character and the consecration demanded of him who assumes its immense responsibilities. It is the repository of the people's will and power. Within its vision should be the protection and welfare of the humblest citizen, and with quick ear it should catch from the remotest corner of the land the plea of the people for justice and for right. For the sake of the people, he who holds this office of theirs, should resist every encroachment upon its legitimate functions and for the sake of its integrity and usefulness of the office it should be kept near to the people and be administered in full sympathy with their wants and needs.

This occasion reminds me most vividly of the scene, when four years ago I received a message from my party similar to that which you now deliver. With all that has passed since that day, I can truly say that the feeling of awe with which I heard the summons then is intensified many-fold when it is repeated now. Four years ago I knew that our chief executive office, if not carefully guarded, might drift little by little away from the people to whom it belonged, and become a perversion of all it ought to be; but I did not know how much its moorings had already been loosened.

I knew four years ago how well devised were the principles of true democracy for the successful operation of a government by the people and for the people; but I did not know how absolutely necessary their application then was for the restoration to the people of their safety and prosperity. I knew then that abuses and extravagances had crept into the management of public affairs, but I did not know their numerous forms nor the tenacity of their grasp. I knew then something of the bitterness of partisan obstruction, but I did not know how bitter, how reckless and how shameless it could be. I knew too, that the American people were patriotic and just, but I did not know how grandly they loved their country nor how noble and generous they were.

I shall not dwell upon the acts and the policy of the administration now drawing to its close. Its record is open to every citizen of the land. And yet I will not be denied the privilege of asserting at this time that in the exercise of the functions of the high trust confided to me I have yielded obedience only to the Constitution and the solemn obligation of my oath of office. I have done those things which in the light of the understanding God has given me, seemed most conducive to the welfare of my countrymen and the promotion of good government. I would not if I could, for myself nor for you, avoid a single consequence of a fair interpretation of my course.

It but remains for me to say to you, and through you, to the Democracy of the nation, that I accept the honor with which they have honored me, and that I will, in due time, signify such acceptance in the usual formal manner.

The President's remarks were made in an earnest and emphatic manner, and were frequently interrupted by applause. This closed the speech-making, and then all present proceeded to the State dining-room and partook of light refreshments. Afterwards the committee became the guests of the Columbia Club, and were driven about the city.

NATIONAL COMMITTEE.

Barnum Elected Permanent Chairman and Sub-Committees Appointed.

WASHINGTON, June 26.—The national Democratic committee met tonight, and elected William H. Barnum of Connecticut permanent chairman; I. P. Sherman of Indiana was made secretary; E. B. Dickinson of New York, assistant secretary, and Charles J. Canda of New York, treasurer.

The chair was authorized to appoint a committee of 15 to accompany the notification committee to Columbus to notify Mr. Thurman of his nomination; an executive committee of 21 members, to take general charge of the affairs of the campaign, and a committee of seven to be known as the "campaign committee," which is empowered to select such persons, not members of the committee, as they may deem necessary to aid them in the campaign work. The chairman was made ex officio chairman of the committee of 21.

A committee of three, consisting of Messrs. Barnum, Gelricks and Dawson, was appointed to select committee headquarters in New York city. The silver gavel presented to the national Democratic convent on by the Colorado delegation and now in the custody of the national committee, was presented to General P. A. Collins, chairman of the convention. A committee consisting of Messrs. Gorman, Ransom, Barbour, Pasco, Faulkner and Dickson was appointed to represent the committee at the convention of Democratic clubs at Baltimore July 4.

A FIRE-EATER'S MENU.

Some of the Hot Dishes Devoured by Flame-Devouring Robert Powell.

[Notes and Queries.]

The most famous of all fire-eaters was Robert Powell, who was before the public for nearly 60 years, and was seen by many distinguished men, among others by the Dukes of Cumberland and Gloucester and Sir Hans Sloane. Mainly through the instrumentality of this last-named, the Royal Society, in 1751, presented Powell with a purse of gold and a large silver medal.

Here is his programme:

First—He eats red-hot coals out of the fire as natural as bread.

Second—He licks with his naked tongue red-hot tobacco pipes, flaming with brimstone.

Third—He takes a large bunch of deal matches, lights them all together and holds them in his mouth till the flame is extinguished.

Fourth—He takes a red-hot heater out of the fire, licks it with his tongue several times and carries it around the room between his teeth.

Fifth—He fills his mouth with red-hot charcoal and broils a slice of beef or mutton on his tongue, and any person may blow the fire at the same time with a pair of bellows.

Sixth—He takes a quantity of resin, pitch, and beeswax, sealing wax, brimstone, alum and lead, melts them together over a chafing-dish of coals and eats the same with a spoon as if it were a porringer of broth, to the great and agreeable surprise of the spectators, etc.

RECALLING A TRAGEDY.

Strange Manifestations of Which Pond Cove Harbor is the Scene.

[Lewiston Journal.]

Pond Cove Harbor, so some fishermen aver, is the scene of a curious manifestation that recalls a long-ago tragedy, that might else have been forgotten by the general public. As the Kennebec Journal tells the story, a man named Jack Welch, who had been at work all day on a new boat, mysteriously disappeared during the night. All the boys looking and inquiring, the excitement over the occurrence had calmed down, when, just a year from the disappearance, some boys coming home from a fish ng trip, saw a small, bright light about a mile out in the bay, that moved slowly to the place where Jack built his boat, a year before. The boys at first supposed it was only believed, but, a year later, a watch was kept, when the same light appeared. Each year witnessed the same phenomenon. On the tenth anniversary a boat, containing Joe Hanson, Tom Wright and John Welch, was hurrying up the bay, bound to reach the wharf before the light appeared. Everything was enveloped in a dense fog, and the men were just making the boat fast to the wharf, when, suddenly, with a flash like lightning and a buzzing sound, the light went through the rigging of the boat and out into the water. Two of the men, Joe Hanson and Tom Wright's house. His story kept the villagers up all night, too nervous to sleep, and when the next morning Tom was missing, excitement reached a high pitch. Twenty years later, a friend from the west met Tom and his wife solved the mystery. Tom's wife had been Jack's sweetheart, and in order to get the girl Tom had killed Jack and thrown the body overboard. He wrote the letter on his deathbed, declaring that he had been haunted by Jack's ghost till he could live no longer. The ghost is said to yet haunt the harbor.

NINE SUCKERS.

How They Caught Another Sucker Who Thought He Knew Trout.

[New Haven News.]

A few days ago one of the most prominent young business men of New Haven was enjoying a drive in the vicinity of Birmingham when he met a small lad who was lugging a big fish pole and a string of nine good-sized fish.

The New Haven man looked at those fish and coveted them. He is remarkably fond of fishing, and always has remarkably poor luck. He instantly made up his mind to try greenback bait, and a dialogue resulted as follows:

"Bub, what will you take for those trouts?"

"Don't want ter sell 'em."

"I'll pay you well for them."

"Well, yer can have them fer $2."

"Here is your cash my boy. Throw the beauties right under that rubber blanket."

The boy did as directed, and the lover of fish started for home. After he had exhibited the fish to his wife, and explained that the specimens were the finest trout he had ever seen, he placed them in the ice box and started out to invite some friends to dine with him the following day, and sample some of the finest trout ever caught in Connecticut.

As the gentleman thought of his treasures he grew more anxious to exhibit to some friend who could appreciate a good thing when he saw it. So he called at the residence of one of his neighbors and invited him to come over.

The trip to the ice box was made at a walking match pace, and the proud owner removed the ice from his treasures and exposed to view nine plump suckers.

The friend looked at the suckers, and, after he had laughed until he could scarcely breathe, he explained that the fish were not worth more than five cents each.

When the purchaser realized that he had paid $2 for suckers, which he supposed were brook trout, he was speechless with mortification. The cats dined on fish that evening, and the friends who had been invited to eat brook trout are still wondering how it was that their exp

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A FREE BALLOT.

An enthusiastic Republican the other morning in the train was vigorously talking politics. He was one of those big, hearty men who make up in energy and good nature what they sometimes lack in good taste, so, as often happens, everybody within a dozen feet heard his side of the discussion and everybody enjoyed it because of his frankness and jollity. He was getting well along in the Republican programme of victory when he uttered one sentence that made me stop smiling and go to thinking. It had come out that our jovial friend was a manufacturer, or, at least, an employer, with many hands on his pay-roll.

"Do you know," he asked of the mild-mannered mugwump opposite him, "what I am going to do this fall? I am going to call those fellows into my office, and tell them that if they don't vote for HARRISON and MORTON they may go over on the other side of the street?"

"What if they all go?" somebody asked.

"I'll shut up shop," answered Mr. Employer.

Then he laughed, a hearty, self-satisfied laugh, and everybody else laughed.

Five minutes later the discussion had taken a new turn. Now it was on the general principles of the two parties. Down came our Republican's fist to emphasize his loud declaration: "The question of free soil, free speech and free men is just as vital in this country today as it was in 1860!"

This is no fairy tale, not even an allegory. I jotted down on an old envelope what the man said before I had time to forget a single word, for it struck me as worth comparing with the Republican platform. Here is the part of a paragraph therein that was afterward found to be apropos.

"We reaffirm our unswerving devotion . . . especially to the supreme and sovereign right of every lawful citizen, rich or poor, native or foreign-born, white or black, to cast one free ballot in public elections."

The question is, can you call free the ballot of the workman whose employer tells him to vote for HARRISON and MORTON, or get out?

The facts are too plain to need comment. Is not the conclusion justifiable that intimidation is a Massachusetts question as well as a Louisiana question? Is it at all essential whether the intimidator uses a pay-roll or a shotgun? Of course, in either case, it is a wrong, and a crime. But if Massachusetts cannot annihilate it within her own borders, why should she bother about it in Louisiana? "First cast out the mote which is in thine own eye!"

The quotation from the Republican platform suggests two other questions worth consideration:

First, is a free ballot, which is declared to be the sovereign right of each and every one of us, a ballot for the privilege of casting which each and every Massachusetts man must pay $2?

Secondly, if a free ballot is the sovereign right of every foreign-born citizen, as we are assured, how does it happen that so few foreign-born citizens of Rhode Island will be able to vote for CLEVELAND and THURMAN this fall?

ROBERT LUCE.

Boston Weekly Globe.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1888.

OUR TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,

Grover Cleveland.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

Allen G. Thurman.

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THE GLOBE NEWSPAPER CO.,
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Entered at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., as second class matter.

HARRISON'S CHINESE RECORD.

In 1882 BENJAMIN HARRISON of Indiana was a member of the United States Senate.

Two bills to restrict Chinese immigration came up in that year. On the first bill General HARRISON dodged twice and put himself on record once against the bill. President ARTHUR vetoed the bill, and General HARRISON voted to sustain the veto.

On the second attempt to secure legislation against Chinese immigration, General HARRISON voted against applying the provisions of the bill to both skilled and unskilled Chinese laborers, and then, on the final vote, he voted against the bill.

This bit of legislative history will make politics on the Pacific coast exceedingly interesting for ex-Senator HARRISON from now to November.

THE ISSUE OF THE CAMPAIGN.

Between now and November every intelligent voter of whatever party will be called upon to take sides upon the issue of the campaign.

On the one side the dim reminiscences of a war which was ended before this year's new voters were born. On the other, a courageous and hopeful grappling with the problems of the present and the needs of the future. The Republican party morbidly brooding on the past; the Democracy hopefully looking forward.

On one side a party bent upon wringing from the people in time of peace great revenues that are needed only in war. The Republican party for perpetuating the expenses of strife; the Democracy for the blessings of freedom and peace.

On one side a covert defence of the overgrown agglomerations of financial power that are plundering the consumers, crowding down wages and sapping the vitality and independence of all legitimate business. On the other the frank and sturdy championship of popular rights as they were handed down to us by the fathers. The Republican party for the "trusts"; the Democracy for the people.

On one side a determined effort to reduce the taxation of articles of luxury or vice. On the other an earnest attempt to reduce the taxation, and consequently the price, of articles of necessity. The Republican party for free whiskey; the Democracy for free wool.

All this is the issue of the campaign.

The Republican platform and policy are bad, but the great mass of the men who have made up the Republican party are not, nor are they fools. Now is the time for them to change. Let them not be afraid of being called inconsistent. The highest consistency, the consistency that is really a jewel," is the consistency which is always on the side that is right. And however it may have been in the past, in this contest the Democratic party is clearly in the right.

The example of such high-minded men as ex-Mayor Low of Brooklyn and President ELIOT of Harvard University, points the way for other high-minded Republicans. The Democratic party of today stands for progress and equal rights; the Republican party for reaction and class privilege. The Democracy will welcome the aid of those Republicans who prefer to look forward and not back.

BUSINESS VERSUS BLUFF.

Things must soon settle down to business versus bluff, as between the Democratic and Republican parties. Neither the honored names of grandfathers and great-grandfathers, the catchwords of tradition, nor wordy sophistries will avail on this trip. Here is a plain matter of business before the American people, concerning taxation, the most vital of all subjects with which governments have to deal. That the people are ridden with an enormous war tax that levies upon the pocket of every producer in the land in times of profound peace is well understood. That this tax is not only unnecessary, but is piling up a useless surplus to menace legislative purity, while large sections of the country are pinched for available currency, is also well understood.

This is a condition of things which General HARRISON'S great-grandfather is powerless to mitigate. He did his work nobly and well in his day and generation, but the present is the grandchild's, and Mr. BLAINE'S opening act of necromancy in directing the public eye towards the old gentleman who was contemporaneous with TECUMSEH will not avail. There are some practical questions involving plain business common-sense which must be met and answered, not by ancestral proxy, however distinguished, but by an appeal to hard facts and simple justice.

Nor will it do to charge the burdens which bear upon eight millions of farmers to the necessities of less than four millions of workingmen engaged in manufacturing pursuits. These farmers are workingmen, too, and it is doubtful whether our mechanics will be willing to be made the scapegoats for overtaxing double the number of their own class until they are convinced, by something more than bluff, that excessive taxation is a scheme which trusts and monopolists, in the goodness of their hearts, have devised for their especial benefit.

It would be well for inquiring workingmen to jot down a few plain questions for MR. BLAINE and the honored grandchild of Tippecanoe to answer when they come along. Such as suggest themselves for the moment are:

Why do labor statistics show nearly a million of highly protected laborers to have been out of work this year?

Why are highly protected Pennsylvania laborers working for 50 cents a day, and children from 7 to 10 years old picking slate in the coal mines?

Why are wages under high protection tariffs in Italy and Germany about one-half what they are in "free trade" England?

Why is a blanket, which is a necessity, taxed about three times as high as a piece of lace, which is a luxury?

Why under our highly protective tariff is only 17, instead of 90 per cent. of our commerce, as of old, carried on by American ships?

These and many similar questions will come up by and by. They must be answered fairly and squarely within the next four months, or the Republican party stands committed to a policy of taxation which, for severity and inconsistency, has never been equalled. Sophistry, flattery and an appeal to the ancestral glories of the candidates will not work. The Republican party can no longer live on its traditions. It must defend its policy on the plain facts of the situation or remain in the cold shade of opposition for another four years.

THE PRESIDENTIAL TICKETS.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.
For President,
GROVER CLEVELAND.
For Vice President,
ALLEN G. THURMAN.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.
For President,
BENJAMIN HARRISON.
For Vice President,
LEVI P. MORTON.

PROHIBITION TICKET.
For President,
CLINTON B. FISK.
For Vice President,
JOHN A. BROOKS.

UNITED LABOR TICKET.
For President,
ROBERT H. COWDREY.
For Vice-President,
W. H. WAKEFIELD.

EQUAL RIGHTS TICKET.
For President,
BELVA ANN LOCKWOOD.
For Vice President,
ALFRED H. LOVE.

HOW LABOR IS PROTECTED.

Governor HILL of New York made a telling point when he showed that a leading cause of the higher wages of this country is not the high taxes which we place upon the things which workingmen consume and pay for, but rather the workingmen's combinations like the Knights of Labor, which oppose the strength of united men to the strength of united capital.

If American workingmen did not protect themselves by combination, would the war taxes protect them? If high taxes on consumption can protect labor, why do not our high taxes do it more effectually? If they do protect labor, where is the need of labor combinations?

The workingmen understand very well that they do need to combine for self-protection. The logic of that fact is that the war tariff on the things they consume fails to protect them.

The workingmen have had for several years whatever benefit a high tariff can give them. But where would their wages be if they did not combine?

If the war taxes on the necessaries of life cannot protect labor, but merely deduct so much from the purchasing power of labor's wages, what's the use of them?

The war taxes must go.

THE THREE PACIFIC STATES.

Can General HARRISON carry the three Pacific States—California, Oregon and Nevada?

They have never been very secure for the Republican party. BLAINE carried them all by fair majorities in 1884, but that was largely owing to his great personal popularity, which HARRISON does not share, and to his record on the Chinese question, which is the reverse of HARRISON'S. In 1880 the Democrats carried California for HANCOCK by a plurality of less than 100 votes. In that year GARFIELD'S plurality in Oregon was only about 700, while HANCOCK carried Nevada by a little less than 1000 plurality. Previous to 1880 all three States had always gone Republican in presidential years, except in 1868, when the electoral vote of Oregon was cast for SEYMOUR.

In the present Congress, California has one Democratic and one Republican senator, and four Republican and two Democratic representatives. The Oregon and Nevada delegations are solidly Republican.

It will be seen that under ordinary conditions the three Pacific States are Republican, but by narrow majorities. Anything that can arouse the anti-Chinese feeling on the side of the Democrats and against the Republicans will generally swing them to the Democratic column. In that way California and Nevada were carried for HANCOCK in 1880.

General HARRISON'S Chinese record gives the Democrats their opportunity. The Pacific coast can be carried against him. The task of the Democrats is made doubly easy by the great popularity of ALLEN G. THURMAN on the Pacific coast, both on account of his course on Chinese immigration and his great services in curbing the rapacity of the Pacific railroads.

THE DECLINE OF THE DRUMMER.

Certain signs point to the decline, if not to the utter extinction, of the drummer as such, and illustrated catalogues and correspondence promise to take the place of this too pertinacious person.

A New York house which ten years ago employed a hundred travelling salesmen now does its business entirely by means of pictures and the typewriter. Others are moving the same way, and it seems to be but a question of time when the drummer shall cease from drumming and the buyer be at rest.

With all his faults the drummer will be missed, more especially in the rural districts,

"Cheeky" but cheerful, with as much good temper as "gall," he is really a godsend to the minor towns, and his visits are hailed with delight by the small dealers into whose stagnant lives he brings a breeze from the outside world.

But most of all he will be missed by the girls, who have no eyes for their rustic swains while he is around. They could better spare a better man. To them he is Adonis and Apollo rolled into one, and his advent in a village is a signal for heartburnings, jealousy and jilting.

While Corydon curses the whole brazen brotherhood, Phyllis falls in love with the drummer's big diamond and shiny "plug" hat, puts their owner on a pedestal, before which she proceeds to prostrate herself, and takes his gift of gab for the most godlike eloquence.

Of course she ultimately marries Corydon. But, meantime, she makes him miserable whenever there is a commercial traveller in town to flirt with.

The fact is the drummer makes things lively wherever he goes. And a good many people besides the girls will think illustrated catalogues and correspondence a precious poor substitute for him and his "cheek."

What field this aggressive being will find for his energies, once drumming is done away with, remains to be seen. But that he will find one is certain.

The drummer's decline and fall into insignificance is not among the possibilities.

FREE WHISKEY OR FREE WOOL?

The Republican platform declares that the party is in favor of taking off the whiskey taxes entirely, and making all intoxicating liquors free of government tax, rather than abate one jot or tittle of the tribute the people now pay on their clothing and blankets to the wool-tariff barons of the West.

That policy would keep clothing and blankets dear and make liquors cheap. How do sincere friends of temperance, whether Prohibitionists or not, like the programme?

If they do not like it their remedy is to vote against the party that is pledged to it. Not for many years has there been such necessity for independent voting as there is this year. Not for many years has the Republican party so repelled sensible voters as it repels them now.

EDITORIAL POINTS.

New York World: "He [HARRISON] represents objectionable principles which will probably defeat him. But he can well afford to be advocated by his friends on his own good qualities, and any foolish tooting to the 'Tippecanoe-and-Tyler-too' tune will only make his canvass ridiculous."

O HARRISON, BEN HARRISON, trot out the little jug,
And shingle up the cabin, BEN, and fix it warm and snug.
It was so awful dusty, BEN, at that Chicago snarl,
That perhaps a jug won't be enough; you'd better bring a "barl."
And don't forget the cabin, BEN, but keep it somewhere nigh;
You will need it to crawl into in the chilly by and by.

New York Sun: This historical coincidence may interest JOHN SHERMAN: In 1811 the grandfather of BEN HARRISON licked TECUMSEH'S brother on the banks of the Tippecanoe. In 1888 WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON'S grandson licked TECUMSEH'S brother on the banks of the Chicago.

Well, some of "our friends, the mugwumps," have good staying qualities, although HARRISON used to be regarded as slightly mugwumpy. SETH LOW, GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS and President ELIOT are out for CLEVELAND and THURMAN, and Mr. ELIOT boldly declares himself no mugwump, but a Democrat. This is creditable to his good sense, and Democrats of long standing will welcome him into the fold. It's never too late to mend.

The stonecutters of Green's Landing, Me., have quit work rather than take lower wages. They have done right, too. A man can starve any time without having to work for it.

There was no lack of enthusiasm at the great Democratic ratification meeting in New York. And, what was better, the speakers spoke straight to the tariff issue, and stood squarely by the President's great message and the St. Louis platform. That's the way to do it. The Democracy must force the fighting and keep the war-tariff party on the defensive.

New York World: EDWARD BURGESS, the yacht designer, has been made an M. A. by Harvard. It was only a short time ago that his wife made him a PA.

MAXWELL, the slayer of PRELLER, does not wish to be hanged. If he had consulted PRELLER'S interest a little more his desire might now be gratified.

President ELIOT of Harvard, who recently declared himself to be no mugwump, but a Democrat, took American Democracy as the subject of his Phi Beta Kappa oration the other day. Good! There's room for more of this sort of thing. There are thousands of other Republicans who will embrace the Democratic idea just as cordially when they once understand it.

President DIAZ of Mexico has just been re-elected. Seems to be a good year for re-electing presidents.

Now Brother BLAINE can weep on the shoulder of Brother BOULANGER, and they can tell each other how it all happened. BOULANGER is the BLAINE of France, and BLAINE the BOULANGER of America.

Colonel INGERSOLL says politics is an uncertain game. He has come to this conclusion since making that speech against GRESHAM.

The Republican party proposes in this campaign to blow its nose on the stars and stripes, and then pocket the insult to the flag. The war is indeed over when 5,000,000 of citizens can safely put this affront on the flag of our Union.

Town Topics says that BLAINE was the mill-stone around the neck of the Republican party. As HARRISON is a BLAINE man we presume the millstone still hangs.

The German population of this country will not support HARRISON this year. On the contrary they say they will "go for him."

What with a temperance plank to offend the Germans and the "liquor interest;" a free whiskey plank to offend all believers in temperance, and a candidate of known unfriendliness to labor, the Republicans will have a hard time trying to carry such States as Michigan this fall.

The Chinese have the most perfect "protective system" in the world, but it doesn't seem to make Chinese wages very high. However, protection has been the national policy of China only about 3000 years, and perhaps it will raise wages if we only give it time.

What a funny presidential campaign this will be! Both parties say they are going to refrain from throwing mud and hurl only hard facts and solid chunks of argument, which are cleaner, but may do more damage.

In the words of the poem:

Great praise, the Duke of MARLBORO won!

It is not a battle that the duke has won now, but a pretty American widow with $3,000,000. The CHURCHILL family seems to like Americans—at least some Americans—for the duke's younger brother, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, also married an American heiress. If this sort of thing continues English girls will have to petition for a tariff to protect them against American competition.

Some folks think it's wicked to talk politics on Sunday, but it can't be wicked year, because three of the four candidates, CLEVELAND, THURMAN and MORTON, are clergymen's sons. Still, it must be confessed that HARRISON, the only one of the lot who wasn't a minister's son, is the most pious of the lot now.

RUSSELL SAGE lost $21 the other day, which was found by a $3-a-week errand boy and returned to the owner. The millionaire pocketed all the cash and merely said to the boy, "You have done your duty, and will no doubt receive your reward in the future." Virtue is its own reward, of course; but there isn't much boodle in it where men like RUSSELL SAGE are concerned.

Somerville Journal: If young men in this country put half as much energy into their daily work as they do into playing ball, the young men of this country would be rich enough to marry before they were two years older.

The men who framed the Republican platform had no mercy for Republican editors. Every one of the latter has written at least 'steen columns of labored attempt to reconcile the free whiskey clause in the platform with the party's traditional claims to the temperance vote.

Iowa Democrats are saying that there is a tremendous revolt among the Iowa farmers against the outrageous tariff doctrine of the Republican platform, and among the Iowa temperance people against its free whiskey clause, and they feel sure that Iowa is going to give her electoral vote to CLEVELAND this time. Well, if this is true there's hope for Vermont yet.

THE SCARRED CHEEK;

OR, THE

Fortunes of a Guitar Teacher.

By SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Jean Laval was a guitar teacher. His room was near the corner of the Rue des Saintes Peres and the Quai Voltaire. It was towards the middle of the day that Jean sat at his desk, engaged in composing a lesson for his favorite instrument. He was a tall, gracefully-formed man, somewhere about 30 years of age, with a face full of sparkling intelligence and natural goodness, and he would have been remarkably handsome had it not been for a large, frightful-looking scar upon his right cheek. I say a frightful-looking one not because it looked so now, but because it must have been a frightful occasion that gave it. Yet Jean Laval was a good-looking man. He had been in Paris but a year, and during that time he had made quite a number of friends, but how those friends came to him was a mystery he could not solve. He had not sought them, nor had he used any great endeavors to keep them; for his scanty purse could not warrant a very extended circle of companions.

Jean had just closed his portfolio, when the door of his room was thrown open, and a young and gaily-dressed man entered.

"Ah, Monsieur Laval," said the new comer, carelessly taking a seat, "I'm glad I've caught you in. We are to have a glorious time tonight, and you must join us."

"I don't know about that, De Pommoy," replied Laval, thoughtfully.

"But why not?" asked Hugh de Pommoy, who was one of the most gallant young men of the gay Parisian circles. "We can't get along without you. Just take your guitar along, and we'll give some of our fair friends a serenade. Come, don't say no."

"I believe I must."

"Pshaw! Why, what's the matter with you, Laval?"

"Nothing, only these gay scenes don't suit me. I am not used to them."

"No, I suppose not," smilingly replied De Pommoy. "You are more used to the rattle of arms and the smell of powder. By the way, now that we are alone, why can't you give me a sketch of your history? You've kept us in the dark on that subject."

"My history could be of no interest to you."

"O, yes, it must be. Yours must have been an eventful life."

"It has been somewhat eventful, I must own."

"So I thought," said De Pommoy; "and now if you have any reason for wishing it kept a secret, I assure you I will not betray it. Come, let's have it, for I've long been on nettles to know all about you."

"Well," returned Laval, half reluctantly, "if you think an outline of my life would interest you any, I'm sure I've no objections to giving it, though you may use your own judgment about telling it to others."

"Go on," said De Pommoy.

"I was born in this city," commenced Jean Laval. "My father was a poor scavenger."

"A scavenger!" echoed De Pommoy. "However, the father of the king of Naples was only an innkeeper."

"When I was only 6 years of age, I was left an orphan," continued Laval, "and in order to support myself I tried to work for a bootblack, and when I was 8 years old, I obtained a box, blacking and brushes, and went through the streets. I got a sou for every pair of boots I blacked, and sometimes a gentleman would give me more. In one year I made out enough to buy me a tin case, and to fill it with pins, needles, tapes, ribbons, etc., and with this I determined to push out and see the country. In six months I had travelled through more than a dozen departments, and had got back as far as Alencon, where I came across the first real incident of my life. I was then only 9½ years old, though I was remarkably stout for my age. It was near dusk, and I was trudging along by the banks of the Sarte, when I was startled by a loud racket behind me, and on turning, I saw a horse coming towards me at a leaping, plunging gallop, on the back of which was a young lady, who was shrieking loudly for help.

"The whole course of my life had tended to make me bold and reckless, and dropping my tin case, I sprang forward just in time to seize the horse by the bridle, and he at once settled back upon his haunches. It was fortunate I caught the bridle as I did, for in another moment the animal would have plunged into the river. The lady quickly slipped from her saddle, and instinctively turned towards me. She was a beautiful creature, not over 17 or 18 years of age; but her face was pale, and she would have sank upon the ground had not a gentleman at that moment dashed up to the spot, leaped from his horse and caught her in his arms. I still held the beast I had caught by the bridle, but the noise of other startled him, and with a furious plunge he dashed from me. The sudden jerk upon the reins threw me forward, and just as the horse cleared me, he let fly his heels, and one of his sharp shoes struck me here."

Laval laid his finger upon his scarred cheek as he spoke.

"I never saw the young lady again, nor did I come to my senses till over a week had passed away; but the circumstance proved a fortunate one for me, for it threw me into the house of an honest miller with whom I remained till I was 21, and while there I learned to play the guitar, and so proficient did I become that—"

"Hold!" exclaimed De Pommoy, who was fast turning white with some strong emotion. "Do you mean to say that you got that wound on the cheek by a kick from a horse?"

"Just as I have told you."

"And were you never an officer in the army?"

"Never."

"And never in the army?"

"Never."

"Don't trifle with me, M. Laval. I will not reveal your whereabouts, if you have enemies."

"Enemies! Reveal!" repeated Laval, with a marked degree of astonishment in his manner. "I do not comprehend you."

"In one word, Monsieur Laval, did you ever ho d any post of honor under the Emperor Napoleon?"

"Never."

"Then you have most egregiously humbugged us!" exclaimed De Pommoy, starting up upon h s seat.

"I am more in the dark now than ever," said Laval, with forced calmness.

"We have always supposed you to be some body."

"So I am—a man."

"O, peste! We have supposed you to be one of the officer's of Napoleon's army, and that you chose an incog for fear of Louis, and with that understanding we have suffered your company."

"I never gave out such an idea."

"But you allowed others to entertain it."

"I never did, Monsieur de Pommoy. I never knew that such an idea with regard to myself was abroad. When I came to Paris a year ago, I settled quietly down in my present quarters, and I have sought the society of no one."

"But you have visited some of the first families in the city."

"Yes—to give lessons on the guitar."

"What dupes we have been!" uttered de Pommoy. "It got whispered about that you were a hero, and your looks, your bearing, and, above all, that scar on your cheek, seemed to confirm the report. But a scavenger, a bootblack—a pedler—a miller's boy—a guitar teacher! O!"

With these incoherent words, Monsieur Hugh de Pommoy seized his hat, and fled from the apartment.

It was some moments before Laval recovered from his astonishment, but when he d d get his feelings under perfect control, the whole truth flashed upon him. He could now understand the secret of the friendship he had received. Paris was filled with remnants of Napoleon's disbanded army, many of the officers of which dared not make themselves very conspicuous under the eye of the fretful, choleric Louis XVIII., and the poor guitar teacher had been taken for one of them. A sort of pa nful smile passed over his face, and he endeavored to dispel the feelings which had been called up by resorting to his guitar. But it was of no use. His heart had learned to lean somewhat upon the friendships that had clustered around it, and he could not thus have them torn away without experiencing a pang of grief. He had no relation on earth—none to care for him, unless, indeed, it might be the old miller who had brought him up. But after all, perhaps all his acquaintances might not prove like de Pommoy.

Towards evening Jean Laval descended from his room for a short walk. He turned to the left, and passed along the Quai d'Orsay, and from thence he crossed the Pont Royal. When half way across he met some half dozen of his acquaintance, and instinctively he smiled and raised his hat, but they sneered and turned away their heads, and he heard the words, "Scavenger!" "Beggar!"

Jean Laval felt a cold chill upon his heart, and with a slower step he entered upon the Quai des Tuileries, where he met more of his quondam friends, and they, too, turned away to let him pass.

"They're all gone," murmured Laval to himself. "And this is the friendship of the world! This is the heart of Parisian love. Had this scarred cheek of mine been gained upon the bloody battlefield of the emperor, I should have been a hero and a man; but now that it turns out that it was only gained in saving the life of a helpless fellow creature, I am nothing. Ay, worse than nothing, for I am a mark for contempt. Well, let them go."

Thus speaking with himself, the guitar teacher kept on till he reached the Pont Louis XVI., and having crossed the river, he turned his steps back towards his room.

The next day Jean went out into the city, but wherever he met any of his acquaintances they invariably failed to recognize him, and one of two families, with whom he had been on social terms, tossed their heads in disdain as he passed them. No wonder the poor man felt sick at heart when he returned to his room, and that a sense of deep loneliness should creep over him.

That evening he had a lesson to give, and as soon as it was dark he took his guitar and started off. It was a princely mansion where he stopped, in the Rue St. Honore, and upon ringing the bell a servant appeared at the door, and at once showed the applicant into a splendidly-furnished drawing-room, where he was soon joined by a girl who might have seen 19 years, and perhaps 20.

She was not of that cast of features that would at once strike the connoisseur as beautiful, and some might have thought her rather too short and embonpoint; but be that as it may, she was such an one as it would be very easy to love; for her every movement and look, and the very light of her deep blue eyes, had a winning grace of kindness and good nature, and the smile that seldom left her dimpled cheeks spoke of a soul at perfect rest with its own conscience. Such was Julie d'Artoy, the only child of a wealthy and aristocratic widow.

"I declare, Monsieur Laval, you look as though you had lost all your friends," uttered Julie, as she noticed her teacher's melancholy look.

A faint smile passed over Laval's face as he gazed upon the kindly smiling features of his pupil, and trying to drive away his melancholy, he replied:

"Ah, mademoiselle, I have few real friends to lose."

"No real friends? Why, there's Baillon, de Pommoy, Crasan, and—"

"They are no friends of mine."

"O, fie! You've had a quarrel. But you're not going to fight?"

There was a smile upon Julie's face as she commenced her last remark, but it quickly faded away as she closed.

"No, mademoiselle, I have had no quarrel, nor do I intend to fight."

"I am glad of that," quickly returned Julie.

"And why so?" asked Laval, gazing sharply into the girl's face.

"O," said Julie, with some little hesitation, "because if you should, I might lose my guitar teacher."

"That is the only friendship I have to lose," Laval replied, with a tinge of bitterness. "If I have a friend in Paris, it is a friendship founded only on interest."

"But those gentlemen I mentioned have no such motive?"

"No, and they are no friends of mine, as I have already said."

"Then you must have been quarrelling."

"I have not, nor have I any inclination to do so."

"Then why are they not your friends now?"

"Because they never have been."

"Never!"

"No, not to me as I am. They knew not that I was but a poor guitar teacher when they sought my acquaintance; but when they discovered that fact they not only cut me, but they sneered at me. But pardon me, mademoiselle, we will attend to our lesson."

Julie brought her guitar, and endeavored to give her attention to the instruction she was receiving; but it was some time ere she could understand the rules that were being laid down for her. At length, however, she became herself again, and ere the lesson was closed, she had begun to laugh and talk, to play and sing, as was her wont.

"Now," said she, as her teacher was about to take his departure, "when you come again, I want you to come good natured: for I declare I never shall learn anything if you carry a long face all the time."

Jean Laval could not but smile at this request.

"There, there!" cried the laughing girl; "just bring that smile back with you, and I'll promise to be as diligent a scholar as you could possibly want."

A month passed away, and during that time Jean met his former acquaintances often, but not one of them had deigned to notice him. At first these slights had cut him to the quick, but he had almost overcome the bitter feeling now, and he had moreover, resolved that, as soon as he had fulfilled the professional engagements he had already entered into he would leave Paris and seek some other place of abode, where he would be careful and cultivate no friendships that should be founded in misunderstanding of his true parentage, life and position.

During the past month, too, Jean Laval had continued his lessons to Julie d'Artoy. She had not only been ever kind to him, and ever affable, but she had betrayed a marked interest in him, seeming to sympathize with him in his troubles, and to feel for him in his loneliness. She had never asked him aught of his former history, nor had she questioned him upon any points touching his desertion by those he had once thought his friends; but with the same happy smile upon her face had she heeded his instructions, and with the same kind, joyous look had she talked with him upon any subject in which he seemed to interest himself.

Is it to be wondered at that such a heart as Jean Laval's should throb pleasantly beneath such kindness? And is it a wonder that, lonely and almost friendless as he was, the attentions of such a being as Julie d'Artoy should have awakened a new, a strong sentiment in his bosom? When first he had resolved upon leaving Par s, he had thought that he should not sever a single tie that could bind him to the great city, and it was not until his mind reverted to Mlle. Julie that he was awakened to a sense of his attachment in that quarter. The next time he visited her after he made this discovery he found, indeed, that his heart had gone.

Circumstances, one after another, trivial in themselves, had been gradually and insensibly throwing the strong chord of love about his heart, and now, as he gazed into Julie's beaming happy face, and heard her pleasant words, his fingers trembled upon the vibrating strings of his guitar, and he dared not look his pupil in the face.

"Come, come, Monsieur Laval," uttered Julie, playfully tapping him upon the shoulder, "I could play that rondo better myself. Why, what is the matter? You haven't lost any more—"

A peculiar look from Laval stopped her in her utterance.

"Pardon me, mademoiselle, if I have forgotten my promise."

"O, I meant nothing but playfulness. Come, we'll try that part again."

Jean did better the second time.

"There!" cried Julie, laying her guitar upon the table. "I think I've learned enough for tonight. Now I want to show you my drawings."

Thus saying, Julie tripped away, and soon returned with a portfolio of draw ngs, and, sitting down by the side of her teacher, she began to look them over, and ask his opinion of each one as it was passed. Now this was a dangerous occupation for poor Jean Laval, and he felt it to be so, but he could no more have resisted the charm than a drowning man could have let pass a floating plank. For an hour he sat thus, and at the end of that time he took his leave.

Strange and manifold were the sensations that moved in the bosom of Jean Laval as he sat in his room that night. One truth was open to him: He was almost madly in love with Julie d'Artoy. But why should he allow h s thoughts to dwell upon her? He, the cast-off of society, the poor teacher, thinking of one of the richest heiresses of Paris! He resolved that he wouldn't; but alas! it was like the poor bird that tries to turn from the burning vortex which dwells in the eyes of the charming snake.

"Only two more lessons," he murmured, as he turned towards his sleeping apartment, "and then I shall see her no more. I can soon overcome these feelings. And yet," he continued, while h s lips quivered, and his voice trembled, "it will sever the only tie of friendship my heart knows."

Again Laval was by the side of Julie d'Artoy, and another lesson was finished.

"One more lesson will complete the term," said Laval, as he laid aside his guitar.

"Yes; mother was speaking about it today, and she said I must have another course of lessons."

"Then you will have to get another teacher," said Laval.

"Another teacher!" echoed Julie, looking up in astonishment.

"Yes."

"Oh, you are jesting."

"I am serious, mademoiselle."

"And have you got above teaching?"

"No."

"Then what do you mean?"

"I am going to leave Paris."

"Then I will wait till you come back. I shall lose nothing by practising some of my old lessons."

"But I may never come back again."

Julie gazed into Jean's eyes to see if he was in earnest. It required but a single glance, however, to settle that point, and the color began to forsake her cheeks.

"But why do you leave Paris?" she asked, at length.

"I have nothing here for which to remain," he returned.

"Yes, you have. You have scholars here."

"I shall have given all the lessons I have promised when you take your next, and then if I want more scholars I can find them in some other part of France. I must leave Paris."

"Is there danger to you here?" Julie asked, with rather more earnestness than she was aware of.

"Danger? No."

"Then you have business elsewhere?"

"I shall seek it."

"But why leave the place where you already have business enough to rush into uncertainty? Surely you must have formed some ties in our city—some friendships."

"None, save such as I may have formed for my few scholars; but that is only professional. We naturally become attached to those whom we are employed in instructing, even as you love your beautiful canaries."

"And I should feel very sad to be separated from even one of them," quickly returned the fair girl.

"Ay," said Jean, in a mournful tone, "because you not only feel attached to them, but you know that your attachment is reciprocated. I am not thus situated."

"Then there is nothing in Paris that could induce you to stay—nothing that will give a pang to your heart in the separation."

"I cannot say that, mademoiselle," returned Laval; and then, with his eyes bent to the floor to hide the emotion that worked in his countenance, he continued: "There is but one tie that can bind my heart to this place—one spot that I can ever look back upon with a glowing bosom. The memory of that, I shall ever cherish within my heart of hearts."

Julie d'Artoy played with the strings of her guitar as it lay upon the table. Her bosom heaved, and in the depths of her blue eyes there was gathering a bright moisture.

"Tell me of that tie," she at length uttered in a half-hushed, tremulous voice, at the same time looking up into her companion's face.

"And will you not be offended?"

"Certainly not."

"Then, mademoiselle, there is one in Paris who has ever been kind to me, who has been a friend, and, I believe, a sympathizer. At first, I felt a peculiar satisfaction in that being's company, and then, as I knew her better, I experienced a strange thrill of pleasure when I found myself by her side. That feeling ripened into love—a love so intense that my whole soul became wrapped in it; and now, as I think of leaving the city, I feel that love stronger upon me. But the chains must be broken."

Julie bowed her head till her tresses swept her guitar strings.

"You have not told me all," she murmured.

"And would you know more?"

"Yes—all."

"That being of whom I have spoken is Julie d'Artoy!"

The girl raised her head and gazed into the face of the speaker. There was a bright light in her eyes, and something almost like a happy smile broke over her features.

"And you would have gone away, perhaps forever, and not told me of this."

"And not told you of it!" repeated Jean Laval, starting with a sudden emotion. "Me, who passed my early years a poor, homeless, houseless wanderer, who have been almost the foot ball of fortune, and am now nothing but a guitar teacher, love one like you, and then dare to breathe the thought! What mean you, mademoiselle?"

"I thought love would dare even life itself."

"Ah, and so would mine, but it would not dare insult and scorn and a hopeless refusal."

"It might not have suffered so much as that," returned Julie, again bending her head.

"What! Do I understand you, or does some demon rack my brain? You do not mean that you could love me?"

"Yes."

Jean Laval started as that monosyllable fell upon his ears.

"O, do not trifle with me!"

"I am not—I love you."

"But you would not become my wife?"

"If my mother consents."

Laval's hopes sunk in a moment.

"Ah! Madame d'Artoy will never do that."

"But you have not asked her."

"And if I should she would only refuse me."

"If I will send her to you, will you try the experiment?"

"Yes," returned Laval, without actually knowing what he said.

Julie tripped lightly from the room, while Jean stood utterly confounded. He tried not to reason upon the matter, but he only placed his hand upon his brow as if to assure himself that he was awake. He was satisfied that he was in his right mind, but ere he had a chance to think the door was opened and Madame d'Artoy entered. She was a pr ud-looking, stately woman—the very impersonation of an aristocrat, but yet there was much of humanity in her still handsome countenance.

"Good evening, Monsieur Laval."

"Good evening, madame."

"My daughter says you would like to speak with me?"

Laval was dumfounded. He tried to speak, but the words stuck in his throat. At length, however, he made a desperate effort:

"You will not be offended, madame?"

"I assure you not."

"Then, madame, I—I—love your daughter. Do you blame me?"

"Surely I could blame no one for loving her. She is made for loving."

"Ah, madame, but I love her deeply, fondly! I would—I will say it, even though you spurn me—I would ask you for her hand."

"And do you think Julie would consent?" asked Madame d'Artoy, in a calm tone.

"Yes, yes," eagerly replied Jean. "She bade me ask your consent."

"Well," said the lady, gazing calmly upon the man before her, "if you are both content, I see not why I should object."

"But remember, madame, I am poor."

"But you are a hero, nevertheless, and as my child has money enough, I can do no better than to give her a protector who has already shown his bravery."

Again Laval's hopes sank to zero.

"I will not suffer you to be deceived on that point, madame. It was an idle tongue that set that story afloat. I am no hero, nor was I ever in the army. I never was more than what I now appear, and I have been ready shown my bravery."

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GENERAL COLLINS TALKS.

He Says Thurman will Take the Stump.

Senator Kenna on the Situation in West Virginia.

He Says It Will Be Found in the Democratic Column.

WASHINGTON, July 1.—General Collins is very glad that the committee on notification adopted his suggestion and went to Columbus to notify Judge Thurman rather than have him come here. He says that the ex-senator very much appreciated the compliment, and showed by his manner how pleased he was at being honored in that way.

"What is your impression of the judge's physical condition?" asked THE GLOBE correspondent.

"He looks to me," replied the general, "to be younger and in better health than he was four years ago, when I saw him during the campaign. He has the enthusiasm and fire of a man 20 years his junior, and it is plain to see that he is greatly flattered at being put on the ticket with Mr. Cleveland, and is ready and anxious to do his share for a victory in November."

"Then you think he will take the stump?"

"Certainly, in fact he will feel that he is wasting his time unless he is addressing his fellow-citizens. I do not know to what extent the judge will speak during the campaign, but his voice will be heard several times in Ohio and Indiana, and then he will come East. I should like him to come to Massachusetts so that the Bay State men might know what manner of man the Democrats have put on their ticket, but I don't know if that can be arranged. One thing, however, is very clear, Senator Thurman is not an ill man, nor has he one foot in the grave, as some people imagine. He is active, energetic and full of enthusiasm for the party; his mind is as clear as it ever was, and as clever in picking a flaw in weak argument as it was in those days when he first made a reputation, and his faith in the cause of Democracy is unswerving. When the campaign fairly opens it will be seen that he has enlisted for active service and will be found in the front ranks."

"What does Judge Thurman think of the result?"

"He believes that Mr. Cleveland will be elected. He believes that Mr. Cleveland's administration has been satisfactory to the country at large; that the President has honestly endeavored to carry out those reforms to which he was pledged and that the Democrats in Congress and out of it are honestly striving to reform the tariff so as to remove those burdens of taxation which now press heaviest on those people least able to stand them. Judge Thurman believes that the average voter is a man of intelligence and that he is more interested in the triumph of good government and in promoting his own and his neighbor's happiness than he is in securing the election of this or that man.

"The people of the United States must know that Mr. Cleveland's course in the executive mansion has been marked by wisdom, courage and patriotism, and that if he is re-elected those reforms which he now only stands on the threshold, as it were, will be successfully carried out to their very end. Under these circumstances it is not likely that a change of administration will be desired.

"Judge Thurman realizes, as we all do, that the campaign of 1888 will be no walk-over for either side. While probably Ohio may go Republican, Indiana, despite General Harrison's candidacy, will not desert the Democratic cause. Judge Thurman's name and fame will do much to hold the State for the Democratic party.

"Cleveland's election I regard as reasonably certain, but we must work hard, and be constantly on guard until after the ballots are counted in November."

WEST VIRGINIA SAFE.

Senator Kenna Says it Will Be in the Democratic Column.

WASHINGTON, July 1.—Senator Kenna of West Virginia was asked today by THE GLOBE reporter if he thought it was possible for the Republicans to carry the State this fall.

He said: "The claims made in certain Republican papers that $15,000,000 in Northern capital has gone into the State during the last six years is a gross exaggeration. It is also claimed that the bulk of this capital has been put into rolling mills and other establishments of a similar character, and that the labor employed therein is largely Republican. As a matter of fact most of the money has been used to build railroads, and the labor employed for that purpose consists of negroes and foreigners. The negroes have been imported to the Republicans, but it is significant that in my town there is a Democratic club which has among its members 85 negroes, and they were not brought in by means of the shotgun, either.

"It has been said that the Republicans would use money very literally in the State, but that threat has no terrors for us. In 1884 the Republicans had all the money they wanted, and both Mr. Blaine and General Logan stumped the State thoroughly. Still it did not go Republican, and, in fact, we noticed that wherever Mr. Blaine or General Logan had spoken the Democratic vote had increased.

"At the congressional election of two years ago we carried the State by only about 900, but that is easily accounted for. West Virginia is very mountainous, and it is safe to say that probably 10,000 voters stayed at home because they imagined the State was all right.

"This fall, however, it will be different. We shall have out the full vote, and the Republicans will not have the slightest chance of carrying the State. It is safe for Grover Cleveland and the Democratic party."

SLANG LANGUAGE.

The Evolution of Tramp and Gypsy Vernacular.

[Blackwood's Magazine.]

Of late years literature and society have shown an unmistakable tendency to disinter from the unliterary depths of the still current speech of the very lowest classes of the people many hundreds of words that are not to be found in the dictionaries. These words, or most of them, were formerly known as "cant," "flash," "pedlars," "Greek," "jargon," "gibberish," but are now included under the generic name of "slang." But the slang of our time is by no means confined to these anarchronisms and include many legitimate meanings and used by a sense sometimes ludicrous and always offensive to a refined ear and a correct taste; such as the substitution of "dreadfully," "awfully," and other expletives of similarly "forcible feebleness," for the good old word "very," as in such common phrases as an "awfully pretty girl," an "awfully funny joke," a "dreadfully fine woman," a "screaming farce," a "marrow-freezing tragedy"—all of which expressions are slang of the worst kind. "Slang" that was formerly confined to tramps, beggars, gypsies and thieves and in a modified degree, and of a somewhat different origin and species, to trade and professional people, when confidentially speaking to one another of the practices and mysteries of their various callings, has in our day—and more especially within the last half century—invaded the educated and semi-educated classes in England, America and France, and all free countries, although it has not yet, to anything like the same extent, permeated the literature and conversation of the European nations other than the two named, where liberty has more or less degenerated into license, both in speech and action. Democracy, that is rampant in these three great nations, is the real parent of vulgar slang, as it threatens to be of many other anomalies and abuses, until a time perhaps rapidly approaching for all three, when public calamity periodities war and revolution shall turn the thoughg and language of men and women into a more elevated channel than that in which peace, prosperity and concomitant luxury and corruption have caused them to flow.

Self-Help for Women.

[T. W. H. in Harper's Bazaar.]

The number of employments open to women is steadily increasing, and it is impossible to say that the future may not see as great changes as the immediate past has seen. The tendency of modern society is, in Napoleon Bonaparte's phrase, "to convert all trades into arts," and just so fast as this process goes on, rude strength becomes less essential and fineness of touch is more needed. Among the higher occupations there are some gaps which will soon be filled. The tenth census of the United States gives 2432 women as physicians and surgeons, and only 48 as "chemists, assayers, and metallurgists," whereas the latter vocation would seem to follow easily on the former. It gives only 17 women as architects, whereas domestic architecture would seem employment peculiarly fitted, at least in its in-door aspect, to that sex. It certainly seems absurd that they should forever go on calling in male advisers to tell them how many shelves to have in a pantry, or where to set the wash tubs in the laundry. But it is needless to give details of employment; just as far as the demand for an intelligent self-support exists, so far the opportunities will be equalized between the sexes, and more and more places will be found "higher up" for women. The great thing to secure is a feeling of genuine self-respect among women who earn their own living; to convert the term to be found even among those laboriously industrious who sincerely hold that no woman who earns her daily bread can be a lady. This will be outgrown; and with a greater ability to earn money will come better judgment in the use of it.

SLEIGHING IN MARLBORO.

The Ground Three Inches Deep with Hailstones—Effect of Last Saturday Night's Devastating Storm.

MARLBORO, Mass., July 2.—What do you think of snowballing on Marlboro's main street the second day of July? Perhaps you don't think it has been done, but it has been, nevertheless. UP TO 11 o'clock this forenoon, in shady places, cakes of ice from one to four inches thick can be found. This is one of the results of the hailstorm of Saturday night, which centred over the town, the damage from which must have amounted to thousands of dollars. The storm suddenly broke about 6.30, and was accompanied by a perfect whirlwind, which broke off large branches of trees, uprooted small trees, overturned chimneys, and rocked many buildings like cradles. People rushed to places of safety, women became frantic from fright, and children were howling with fear. The hail fell like leaden balls. Most of the hailstones were as large as walnuts. In 10 minutes the ground was covered to a depth of two inches. The hail froze when it fell, and the streets were in a glare of ice, which had to be shovelled from the sidewalks. Dr. C. D. Hunter, a Main-street druggist, took a shovel, dug up ice in front of his store, and used it with which to pack his soda fountain. It served his purpose as well as the congealed aqua from the ice-house.

During the storm neither man nor beast could remain out of doors without intense suffering. English sparrows and other birds were killed by the hundreds, and in some places the ground was literally covered with them. Acres and acres of crops were cut down as though mowed with a scythe. Windows innumerable were broken, and greenhouses in the line of the storm were wrecked and produce destroyed. The storm passed over Southboro and Fayville, doing great damage, but its full severity was not felt there.

Today considerable quantities of the ice formation has been packed in sawdust in boxes and shipped to near points that the recipients may have a chance to see what Marlboro has on exhibition at this stage of the torrid term. One enthusiastic granger, who lives on "The Farms," wishing to leave a remarkable story for his progeny, hitched his old mare into his sleigh Saturday evening and took a turn around the neighborhood. He didn't ride on bare ground either by about three inches worth.

POSTMASTERS' SALARIES.

Annual Readjustments are Announced—List of New England Post Offices Affected.

WASHINGTON, June 29.—By the annual readjustment of salaries of postmasters on the basis of stamps sold, the following changes in New England are made:

Massachusetts.

	From	To
Abington	$1100	$1300
Adams	1700	1800
Amesbury	2000	2100
Amherst	2100	2200
Arlington	1500	1600
Attleboro	1900	2000
Beverly	2100	2200
Bridgewater	1500	1400
Brookfield	1000	1100
Chicopee	1700	1800
Clinton	2000	2100
Concord	1500	1600
Dalton	1100	1200
Danvers	1500	1600
Dedham	1500	1600
East Weymouth	1400	1500
Everett	1600	1700
Fall River	2800	2900
Fitchburg	2600	2700
Foxboro	1300	1400
Framingham	1100	1200
Franklin	1600	1700
Gloucester	2500	2600
Hingham	1300	1400
Hudson	1500	1600
Hyde Park	2100	2400
Lawrence	2700	2800
Leominster	1800	1900
Lexington	1000	1100
Lowell	3200	3300
Malden	2300	2400
Mansfield	1200	1300
Marlboro	2200	2300
Maynard	1000	1100
Medford	1700	1800
Melrose	2100	2400
Merrimac	1300	1400
Methuen	1300	1400
Middleboro	1900	2000
Milford	2000	2100
Millbury	1400	1500
Natick	1900	2100
Newton	2100	2300
Newtonville	1800	2000
North Adams	2500	2600
Northboro	1100	1200
North Attleboro	1100	1100
Norwood	1100	1400
Orange	1600	1700
Peabody	1800	1900
Randolph	1200	1400
Read ng	1400	1500
Rockland	1500	1600
Salem	2700	2800
Spencer	1700	1800
Turner's Falls	1500	1600
Uxbridge	1000	1100
Walpole	1400	1400
Ware	1700	1800
Warren	1400	1500
West Medford	1600	1100
Weymouth	1200	1300
Whitinsville	1100	1200
Winchester	1600	1800
Woburn	2200	2200

Rhode Island.

Central Falls	1600	1700
Olneyville	1800	1900
Pawtucket	2600	2700
Providence	3500	3600
Warren	1400	1500
Westerly	2000	2100
Woonsocket	2300	2400

Vermont.

Barre	1600	1700
Bellows Falls	1800	2000
Bennington	1800	2000
Bradford	1500	1100
Burlington	2800	2900
Newport	1400	1500
Northfield	1100	1200
Poultney	1400	1500
St. Albans	2100	2200
Waterbury	1300	1400
West Randolph	1400	1500
White River Junction	1300	1400

Maine.

Auburn	2300	2400
Augusta	3100	3000
Bangor	3000	3100
Bar Harbor	1700	1900
Belfast	1700	1800
Biddeford	2100	2000
Bridgeton	1000	1100
Bucksport	1100	1200
Camden	1200	1300
Eastport	1400	1500
Ellsworth	1500	1600
Gardiner	1900	2000
Mechanic Falls	1200	1200
Oakland	1100	1200
Pittsfield	1100	1200
Richmond	1400	1500
Rockland	2100	2200
Saccarappa	1600	1700
Skowhegan	1700	1800
Waldoboro	1000	1100
Waterville	2000	2100
Winthrop	1100	1300

New Hampshire.

Auburn	1100	1200
Farrington	1300	1400
Hanover	1500	1600
Laconia	1800	1900
Lancaster	1500	1600
Lebanon	1600	1700
Littleton	1500	1600
Manchester	2800	2900
Newmarket	1100	1200
Penacook	1100	1200
Plymouth	1400	1500
Tilton	1400	1500

Connecticut.

Ansonia	2300	2400
Bethel	1100	1200
Bristol	1900	2000
Collinsville	1100	1200
Danielsonville	1600	1700
Deep River	1100	1300
Greenwich	1500	1700
Guilford	1000	1200
Meriden	2700	2800
Middletown	2500	2800
Milford	1400	1600
Mystic Bridge	1100	1700
Naugatuck	1600	1700
Northford	2200	1900
Norwalk	2000	2100
Putnam	1700	1800
Seymour	1300	1400
Southington	1800	1500
South Norwalk	2100	2300
Thompsonville	1400	1500
Wallingford	2100	2200
Willimantic	2100	2200
Windsor Locks	1200	1300
Winsted	1600	1800

No Poetry in It.

[New York Mail.]

Never wear a bustle with a thin dress, for people will think you are hiding a bird cage!

DR. PIERCE'S Golden Medical Discovery will cure consumption (which is lung scrofula), if taken in time, and for all diseases of the blood, such as blotches, pimples, eruptions, scrofulous sores and swellings, it is unequaled.

SOME STRANGE SCENES.

Reminiscences of War Days in Georgia.

Millions of Bogus Bonds Issued by Legislative Sanction.

Incidents of Bloodshed in the Old State House.

ATLANTA, June 29.—The new State Capitol is rapidly approaching completion. Each added stone or iron brace hastens the day when the small, unpretentious structure of brick a few rods distant shall be abandoned for State purposes and the hum of legislation in its halls give way to the sound of the destructive hammer. If there is one building in Georgia more particularly obnoxious to the inhabitants it is this. There will therefore be no regret at its removal and no old memories awaked in the soul of anybody, unless it be the twitting swallows who have made their home in the brown-painted wooden cupola.

The present State capitol was built only a couple of decades back, at a time when the feelings caused by death, desolation and distress were rife, and partisan rage and bitterness had taken possession of all. Small wonder then that those who are en rapport with the exciting incidents enacted there during the period of reconstruction were reticent when approached by your correspondent, who had made the prior discovery that the State records were a blank during that period.

The building was planned for an opera house by E. N. Kimball in 1868. Great schemes were on foot in those days and it does not require any clear knowledge of the shell had been completed it presented the interior of a forum even before the Legislature had discussed its purchase. It was while the capital was at Milledgeville and the convention of 1868 in session, that a proposition was made by Atlanta to furnish "buildings for General Assembly, residence of governor and for all offices as are usually located in a State House." This offer was accepted at once. Governor Bullock, it was claimed, advanced to Kimball $31,000 without reporting the transaction to the state treasurer and a hundred other things were charged against the sellers, purchasers and builders. The price paid for the edifice altogether was something under $400,000. A minority report in the House declared the "expense unauthorized, and such reckless extravagance was without precedent." The history of Georgia calls the controversy which ensued the "most animated financial battle of the day."

It may be as well to mention these few historical facts in connection with this article. The South was overflowing with "carpet-baggers" and everything was going on in reckless fashion. The Ku-Klux were commencing their outrages, and murders were of daily occurrence and nearly everything was lawless or corrupt. The Legislature assembled in Atlanta Jan. 13, 1869—a legislature such as never before or since ruled a civilized Commonwealth. The 29 negroes whom the ex-slaves had elected with the aid of the Republicans had been "fired" bodily out of the Legislature a short time before, and Bullock's message dealt chiefly with that subject. Immediately upon assembling a man named Price arose in the House and proposed submitting the expulsion to the courts. Dunlap Scott opposed it, and here one of the strangest things occurred.

If arguments were limited to 15 minutes. Everybody held their breath to hear the argument, for it touched upon a delicate state of affairs and the people were still under a military government. Scott had spoken 10 minutes in his speech, upholding the famous expulsion, when

The Clock Suddenly Stood Still,

remained motionless for 30 minutes and started again just as he was closing. The speaker would have won the day, but his colleagues were frightened at the thought of further reconstruction, with a possibility of martial law, and Price's resolution passed.

James James, the black janitor, who is alive today, says he knows "ebil spirits" haunt the capitol, and he has often heard strange unearthly voices in the chambers, and is furthermore confident that it was they who stopped the clock that memorable day.

Simultaneously, Congress was deliberating whether or not to march the representatives who had "filled" the negro members' seats out into the street at the point of the bayonet.

In this connection a story is told of the two colored representatives, Turner and Sims, who went to Washington with Foster Blodgett to air their grievances. They met in the darkening corridor of the State House, and Sims said: "Yes, look at dem white fools in our seats, yah. We'll see Andy Johnson and dey'll be fired out in sho't order."

"Yes, 'u look at that Bill Hope, po' white trash—never owned a foot a' land in his life," answered the other, and while they stood conversing in the inspiring dry goods store in Atlanta, and has made a fortune since that period.

There was certainly never a parallel to this assembly of 1869. It was a common incident to discharge a loaded pistol in order to attract the attention of the speaker when confusion reigned. Buckskin Hands, a representative from a northern county, proposed to lynch the occupant of the chair because he wouldn't hear the "boys."

A copy of a resolut on, passed Feb. 17, by a Mr. Phillips of Echols county, reads:

Resolved, That the publication which appears in the New Era this morning, that the Hon. J. W. O'Neal was drunk on yesterday, is infamously false, and it is due to the county and to this House that it be so branded and should meet with the prompt condemnation of all lovers of good whiskey in the present Assembly.

A whole afternoon was spent in a grave discussion of the foregoing. But Bullock was not yet satisfied with this hilarious state of affairs. One fine morning the appointments came into the Senate that J. G. W. Mills and a man known as "Patty" Harris, an employe of the State railroad, were to be respectively president of the State Senate and speaker of the House.

This was indeed a deep humiliation for the "grand old State of Georgia," and Republicans and Democrats alike feared the consequences. The strange scenes in the capitol building grew stranger.

"Harris knows nothing of parliamentary rule said a Northern correspondent,' who weighs nearly 400 pounds and is from Ohio." But the military governor, General Terry, backed him in all he did or said. The proceedings were a farce, a "puppet show," but sometimes came near being a tragedy. Two bullet holes at the foot of the portrait of Jackson and four inches above the speaker's head, show how dangerously honorable the office of speaker was.

One day a member arose and said: "Let me say a word, boys. I have just got information that that —— Bullock has accomplished his work. We are to be kicked out, bayonet dressing, and we might as well go first on our feet."

In the midst of the ensuing commotion a staff officer appeared at the door and handed the clerk the ejecting document, and on that day 31 negroes marched in and took the seats vacated by those members who had fled. It was the only such reporters as gave favorable reports should be allowed to be present. Then the lobbying began. Millions and millions of dollars went out in the

Cartloads of Bogus Bonds.

issued. A gentleman one day lately took the writer aside and showed him no less than $4,000,000 worth of railroad bonds. They were gorgeously printed, and many of the coupons bore in beautiful red and yellow letters the date 1888 as the period at which, in the language of the broker, "they would be ripe enough to pluck."

Each bond bore the signature of H. I. Kimball, the degree, and today is a wealthy man. It is said that many prominent men lobbied through the State's sanction to the issued bonds, some of the members being paid huge bonuses.

I asked him why he didn't sit down some fine summer's day and with a bright pair of shears in one hand and a stack bond in the other go to cutting coupons. A man with a fair imagination could easily find happiness in this pursuit. My friend then told me that the owners for whom he held these still had hope, as it was believed that one of the roads, the terminus of which is at Columbus, was under way with the old charter in use and something yet might be realized.

More than one man, however, in this country has been driven to distraction by constant gloating over Georgia bonds, and the asylums have not yet, perhaps, received their full quota from this source, said, indeed are the words, "it might have been," but the wonder is that some of the villainous legislators have not been made more the butt of public and private indignation.

About this time also Bullock went to Washington to secure further reconstruction, "putting up at the best hotel, ordering the best wines," and in less than six weeks, it is said, spending $1868 of the State's money. "Congress," said the New York Commercial Advertiser, commenting on the situation, "has Bullock on the brain." Who would or could imagine it to be the same Bullock who is now "a quiet, autumnal figure on the streets of Atlanta attending to the prosaic interests of cotton." Only a few days ago the house in which Governor Bullock was proposed for the governorship and in which the ex-governor is said to have concocted his policy of reconstruction, was sold to a grocer, who will probably pull it down and build anew.

Of this remarkable assembly a fair idea will be found in

Colonel Avery's Epitaph.

One morning before adjournment a huge effigy of straw was suspended in the corridor marked "G. A. of Ga." Inside the full-length portrait of Jefferson was enlivened by the addition of a great cheroot in the great Democrat's lips. Jackson carried, instead of a sword, a representation of a corked demijohn, and in the centre of the Representatives' chamber was a large white placard bearing these words:

IN MEMORIAM.

PLAYED OUT

On the 25th day of October, 1870.

The House of Representatives of the General Assembly of Georgia, 1868-69-70, will be forever luminous—in the phosphorescence of Rottenness.

It had one Idea that pervaded it ever and always
—And when the most of its members Die—The
Hands will sing it as their requiem—
And Time will make it glitteringly Infamous—That
better than Country, Honor or God—They loved—
Nine Dollars A DAY—

Its Cowardice defies Such a draft upon language—
For words of wickedness—That it can never thoroughly be Written.

A little corner under the main stairway is pointed out as the spot where H. I. Kimball met an unknown man, who, pistol in hand, demanded the sum of $15,000 or his life. It was the night in August, 1872, and the man was supposed to have been one of the many unfortunates who had been driven to poverty and desperation as the outcome of the bond business.

In the south gallery of the Senate chamber, a little musty, badly lighted apartment, the "Organizers," a section of the Ku Klux fraternity, are said to have planned how to ward off the impending arm of Pinkerton, when a squad of his detectives were to pass through the city en route.

One can almost imagine the ghastliest, blood-curdling things seated in this chamber at night, with the moon streaming in, and listening to the hollow sounds which the gnawing rat makes in the spidered wainscotting. There may be no ruins or ancient castles in this country, but if a medieval romancer wanted inspiration and material for a gruesome narrative, he could find it, without doubt, in this musty old new structure, with its niches and corners and piled up mahogany, which has grown old, because the times have changed.

INDIAN JUGGLERY.

Details of Wonderful Performances for a Wager—Marvellous Feats Performed by a Naked Juggler.

[Science.]

The feature of the evening at one of the late meetings of the Anthropological Society was a paper by Colonel Garrick Mallory on "Algonkin Glyphs on Bark and Stone." The paper also dealt briefly with some related subjects, and will form a part of the annual report of the bureau of ethnology. The following is a brief chapter on "Indian Juggling," extracted from this paper:

"Paul Beaulieu, an Ojibwa of mixed blood, present interpreter at White Earth agency, gave me his experience with a Jossakeed at Leech lake about the year 1858. The reports of wonderful performances reached the agency, and, as Beaulieu had no faith in the jugglers, he offered to wager $100, a large sum, then and there, against goods of equal value, that the juggler could not perform satisfactorily one of the tricks of his repertory to be selected by him (Beaulieu) in the presence of himself and a committee consisting of his friends. The wager was accepted with the result to be described.

"A medicine lodge was made. Four strong poles were planted deep in the ground, rising to an elevation of at least 10 or 12 feet; one of them having the branches remaining and rising a little beyond its fellows, this being the indication of a Jossakeed as distinguished from a Mede lodge. The interior diameter was less than four feet. The frame, which was inclined to the centre, was then filled in with intertwined twigs and covered with blankets and birch-bark from the ground to the top, leaving an orifice about a foot in diameter open for the ingress and egress of spirits and of the objects to be mentioned, but not large enough for the passage of a man's body. At one side of the bottom wrapping a flap was left for the entrance of the Jossakeed or Shaman. A committee of 12 was selected to see that no communication was possible between the Jossakeed and confederates. These 12 men were reliable people, one of them being the Episcopal clergymen of the reservation. The spectators were several hundred in number, but stood off, not being allowed to approach.

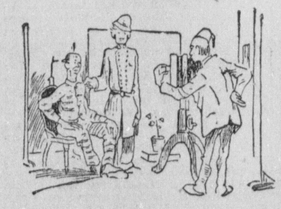
"The Jossakeed then removed his clothing, until noth ng remained upon his person but the breech-cloth. Beaulieu then took a rope (of his own selection for the purpose), and first tied and knotted one end about the ankles; the knees were then securely tied together; next the wrists; after which the arms were passed over the knees, and a billet of wood passed under the knees, thus securing and keeping the arms down motionless. The rope was then passed around the neck again and again, each time tied and knotted, so as to bring the face down upon the knees. A flat river-stone of light color—which was then produced Manedo or amulet—was left lying upon his thighs. The Jossakeed was then carried to the lodge, placed inside upon a mat on the ground, and the flap cover ng restored so as completely to hide him from view.

"Immediately loud thumping noises were heard, and the frame work began to sway from side to side with great violence; whereupon the clergyman remarked that this was the work of the evil one, and it was no place for him; so he left, and did not see the end. After a few minutes of violent movements and swaying of the lodge, accompanied by loud, inarticulate noises, the motions gradually ceased, when the voice of the juggler was heard telling Beaulieu to go to the house of a friend near by and get the rope. Now, Beaulieu, suspecting some joke was to be played upon him, directed the committee to be very careful not to permit any one to approach while he went for the rope, which he found at the place indicated, still tied exactly as he had placed it about the neck and extremities of the Jossakeed. He immediately returned, laid it down before the spectators, and requested of the Jossakeed that he should untie him, which was granted, but with the understanding that Beaulieu was not to touch him.

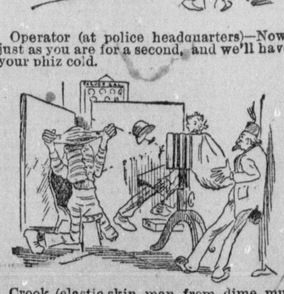
"When the covering was pulled aside, the Jossakeed sat within the lodge, contentedly smoking his pipe, with no other object in sight than the black stone of Manedo. Beaulieu paid the $100. As an exhibition of similar pretended powers, also for a wager, was announced a short time later at Yellow Medicine, Minn., to be given in the presence of a number of army people; but at the threat of the grand medicine-man of Leech Lake bands, who probably objected to interference with his lucrative monopoly, the event did not take place, and bets were declared off. . . . So remarkable and frequent were these performances of jugglery, that the French, in 1613, called the whole body of Indians on the Ottawa river, who they met at a very early period, 'the sorcerers.' They were the tribes afterwards called Nipissing, and were the typical Algonkins. No suspicion of jugglery in the sense of deception appears to have been entertained by any of the earliest French and English writers. The severe Puritan and the ardent Catholic both considered that the exhibitions were real, and the work of the devil. It is also worth mentioning that one of the derivations of the name 'Micmac,' is connected with the word meaning 'sorcerer,' so that the known practices of this character having an important effect upon the life of the people extended from the great lakes to the extreme east of the continent. It was obvious to me, in cross-examining the various old men, that the performances of jugglery were in case an exhibition of the pretended miraculous power of an individual, whereby he maintained a reputation above his rivals, and derived subsistence and autority by the selling of charms and superhuman information. The charms of fetiches, which are still sold by a few who are yet believed in, are of three kinds—to bring death or disease to an enemy, to lure an enemy into an ambush and to create sexual love."

CROOK AND PHOTOGRAPHER.

[From Judge.]



Operator (at police headquarters)—Now, just as you are for a second, and we'll have your phiz cold.



Crook (elastic-skin man from dime museum)—Not while I'm fixed this way, cull.

CURRENTS OF COMMERCE.

Notes About the Trade of the Past Six Months.

A Fair Demand for Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes and Leather.

Quotations for Food Supplies and Other Staple Products.

Some question having been raised as to the value of the falling off in bank clearings this year as an index of the general state of business, the subject has been discussed by Bradstreet's at some length. The more important conclusions reached are as follows: Comparative dulness of trade in general and inactivity of the stock market in particular are sufficient to account for the falling off in the Boston bank clearings. Some of the largest financial houses believe also that the political excitement of the presidential year is already interfering with business. In some important branches where the number of transactions has been as great this year as in 1887, their average size has been smaller. Among the leading banks it is no uncommon thing to hear the statement made that quite as much paper is passing as a year ago, but for much smaller amounts. In commercial circles, with one or two exceptions, there has been no marked activity this year, and in certain lines unusual depression has prevailed. In the dry goods market, with the exception of staple woollen fabrics, business has been large and profitable throughout the season. The amount of paper passing on account of the boot and shoe trade has also been up to about the usual proportions. Wool, on the other hand, of late has been in little request, and the movement of the new clip has hardly begun. From Jan. 1 to May 31, it is true, the sales reported in the Boston market amounted to 57,219,700 pounds, against 46,867,100 pounds in the corresponding period of 1887. But these figures are not altogether trustworthy, and the gain occurred wholly in the months of February, March and April. May showed a considerable falling off. The movement of lumber, moreover, has been unexpectedly small.

DRY GOODS.

Cotton Fabrics Active and Strong—Little Doing in Woollens.

The dry goods trade has shown increased activity during the past week. The demand run mainly on light summer goods, prints and ginghams going off as fast as they can be got from the mills. Several large jobbers say they have never had so many calls for the staple cloths as during the past week. The demand absorbs the entire production of the mills, and many of the manufacturers have large contracts for future delivery, so that they are quite indifferent about taking any more orders at present prices.

Bleached and brown sheetings and shirtings are closely sold up, and there is no difficulty in getting the advanced rates. There are no stocks in first hands, and jobbers are well cleaned up so that the outlook is favorable for good autumn business. The market for all kinds of plain cottons has not been in such a satisfactory condition as at the present for at least 20 years. The manufacturers have complete control of the market, and it is a question as to whom they shall give the goods.

There has been a fair movement in the clothing trade, and, though so late in the season, the past month's sales have been satisfactory. Stocks are well cleaned out, and salesmen are preparing to start West after the holidays.

There is only a slight demand for woollen goods and cloths to be seen a week. Manufacturers are unwilling to start up much machinery in the present unsettled state of affairs. There is a fair movement in blankets. Manufacturers have curtailed production until there is only a very small offering, and prices are on a firm basis. All the better grades are cleaned out, and buyers have a difficulty in getting suitable supplies. There is a fair trade in flannels, and prices are steady. The carpet business is reported dull. Some of the mills have secured good orders, but there is no life in the trade, and prices are on a very low basis.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

No Special Features in the Season's Trade—Leather Dull.

There is not much to note in the market for boots and shoes. Returning salesmen report a good average trade throughout the country. There are very few buyers in the Boston market, as business has settled down to its usual summer quietness, but there is a good return from recent sample orders, and in some instances fall orders are wanted for very early delivery. Trade is backward in the Canada trade this year, but some fall orders are coming in good-ly numbers, and duplicates are expected later in the summer. The factories are well employed in most of the shoe towns, and the volume of business is in excess of the corresponding period last year.

Brogans and plough shoes, with a little style and finish, are selling well, and manufacturers of that class of goods are doing a good trade. There is only a light call for heavy wax and kip goods, but prices are well sustained. There are very few duplicate orders for calf boots and shoes so far, and limited quantities have been ordered in shipment, and a good trade is expected later in the season. There is a good movement in the South and Southwest, the demand for all kinds of women's wear being remarkably brisk. Manufacturers of slippers are preparing for the fall run, and there will be every prospect of a busy season. The demand for summer goods of all grades is very liberal, in fact, deliveries are a long way behind, and the factories are kept running at their full capacity.

Manufacturers of rubber boots and shoes are rush d with business. Orders are coming for small parts of the country, but supplies of some of the goods now being ordered cannot take place before late in the fall or early next winter.

The leather market continues dull. Prices are so low that holders prefer to keep their stock. Some of the tanneries are shutting down, reducing, in the effort to which movement will not be felt for some time. Buyers can purchase as well now as two months ago; in fact it is a buyers' market.

IN LEADING MARKETS.

Quotations of Staple Products in New York, Chicago and St. Louis.

NEW YORK, June 30.—Cotton quiet and unchanged; sales 118 bales; uplands, ordinary, 7 7-16c; good ordinary, 8⅞c; low middling, 9¾c; middling, 10 3-16c; gulf, ordinary, 7 9-16c; good ordinary, 9c; low middling, 9⅞c; middling, 10 5-16c. Flour, receipts, 13,878 pkgs; exports, 35 bbls, 8480 sacks; quite active; sales 23,175 bbls, unchanged, including 900 bbls low extra, $2.65@3.15; 7100 city mill, $4.30@4.60; 6500 bbls Minnesota, $2.75@5; 6900 bbls winter wheat extra, $2.75@5.10; 825 bbls superfine, $2.35@3; 1750 bbls fine, $2.05@2.75; Southern flour steady; rye flour firm. Corn meal firm. Wheat, receipts none; exports none; sales 271,000 bush, moderately active and lower, closing steady; No. 1 hard, here and to arrive, 87¾@88¼c delivered; No. 2 Chicago at about 85½c delivered; No. 2 red order sold 86⅞@87c in store and elevator; 88⅛@88¾c afloat; 87⅛c f. o. b. Rice dull and nominal. Barley dull; barley malt dull. Corn, receipts 26,150 bush, exports 2300 bush; sales 105,000 bush, dull and weak; No. 2, 53½@54c, 53½53¼c. Oats, receipts, 105,600 bush; exports, 125 bush; sales, 74,000 bush; dull and unchanged. Coffee, nominal at 15c for fair. Sugar, steady; refined, firm. Molasses, steady at 19½c for 50 test. Rice, quiet. Petroleum, firm; United, 73c. Tallow, dull; prime city quoted at 4c. Rosin, dull. Potatoes, steady. Turpentine, dull at 35½c. Pork, dull and unchanged; sales, 100 bbls; mess quoted $15@15.25; for new and $14@14.25 for old. Beef dull; beef hams quiet; cut meats dull; middles nominal. Lard dull and lower, closing weak; sales 70 tcs Western steam, $8.44, closing $8.42½@8.45; city steam steady; sales 50 tcs 8c; refines quoted, continent, $8.45 S. A., $4.55. Butter quiet. Cheese steady. Freights to Liverpool market quiet. Pig iron dull. Copper not quoted. Lead not quoted. Tin not quoted. Spelter not quoted.

CHICAGO, June 30.—Flour steady. Wheat dull; No. 2 spring, 78¼@78¾c; No. 2 red, 79¾c. Corn dull; No. 2, 41¼c. Oats weak; No. 2, 30½c. No. 2 rye, 52c. No. 2 barley, 63c. Provisions quiet; mess pork, $13.50; lard, $8.05; dry salted shoulders, 6@6½; short clear sides, $7.05@7.08. Whiskey, $1.20. Receipts—Flour, 12,000 bbls; wheat, 14,000 bush; corn, 117,000 bush; oats, 117,000 bush; rye, 1000 bush; barley, 1000 bush. Shipments—Flour, 15,000 bbls; wheat, 8000 bush; corn, 431,000 bush; oats, 82,000 bush; rye, 2000 bush; barley, 1000 bush.

ST. LOUIS, June 30.—Flour unchanged. Wheat prices closed ¼@⅝c below yesterday; No. 2 red 82¼@83c. Corn steady; No. 2 red, 45½c. Oats lower; No. 2, 38c bid. Rye dull 59c. Provisions very quiet and unchanged. Receipts—Flour, 4000 bbls; wheat, 8000 bush; corn, 14,000 bush; oats, 12,000 bush. Shipments—Flour, 6000 bbls; wheat, 1000 bush; corn, 20,000 bush; oats, 5000 bush; barley, 1000 bush.

BOSTON MARKETS.

Produce.

BOSTON, Monday, July 2.

BUTTER—The market for butter is very firm. Prices are well held and unchanged, although there were heavy receipts of new butter. The demand is excellent, and this keeps prices steady. Dairy butter is firm and in good demand, while there is an excellent movement of Imitation Creamery butter.

We quote: Creamery, Northern, extra, 20@21c ₱ lb; do, good to choice, ..@19c; do, Western, extra,

A QUAKER HEROINE.

The Brave Girl Who Helped Sheridan at Cedar Creek.

In the Face of Danger Sending News of the Enemy's Position.

Peculiar Way in Which a Faithful Negro Carried the Message.

[Washington Star.]

A modest little Quaker woman in the redemption agency of the Treasury Department wears a gold watch on which is inscribed: "Presented to Rebecca L. Wright, Sept. 19, 1867, by General Phil H. Sheridan. A memento of Sept. 19, 1864." The watch is attached to a long gold chain, fastened at the neck with a clasp representing a horseshoe, a military gauntlet and stirrups. Hanging to a short end is a sword, a key and a seal. The wearer of this is a lady of 50, but she appears 10 or 15 years younger. Her manner is quiet, and her face expresses amiability and the gentler womanly qualities. There is nothing strong-minded or warlike about her bearing — nothing to suggest the wearing of military honors. Yet no soldier who followed Sheridan into Winchester, Sept. 19, 1864, did a greater service than did this little woman on that occasion. It was due to her that Winchester was captured, and Sheridan also spoke with pride of his "little Quaker girl." She was little more than a girl when he first met her.

When Sheridan was lying before Winchester in 1864, a family of Quakers lived within the town, then held by the rebel forces. They were one of a very few Union families who remained in the place during the war, and by the teachings of their faith they were loyal. During the heat of the contest, the father, an old man, was made prisoner by the Confederates, and died from confinement and hardships. The mother, one daughter and a little boy lived together, and were much respected, notwithstanding their want of sympathy with war and rebellion.

The daughter was Rebecca Wright, then about 25 years old, and she it was who furnished General Sheridan with information concerning General Early's forces, which led to the successful battle of Sept. 19. She has been married since then, and is now Mrs. Bonsal. A Star reporter called on her at the treasury the other day, and she told him her story and showed him the watch, which she seems to prize more as a present from General Sheridan than as a tribute to her own service. She is a refined and very intelligent woman, and must have been a remarkably pretty girl when she risked her life to serve the cause of the Union. She had never seen General Sheridan at that time, and knew nothing of him.

"I was engaged in some household duties," she said, recounting her story to the Star man. "It was about noon on the 10th of September, '64. I was interrupted by a knock at the door, and, on opening it, I found an intelligent looking colored man, who asked to see Miss Wright. There were two Misses Wright living in Winchester, and I asked which he wanted. 'Miss Rebecca,' he said; 'The other is in sympathy with the rebels.' He would not say what he wanted, but after looking about carefully, asked to be allowed to speak to me alone. I was impressed with his manner, and took him into another room. He at once closed the door, and I became alarmed, as my mother and I were alone in the house. But he immediately said he had a note from General Sheridan, who wanted me to give him all the information I could concerning the rebel forces. He took from his mouth a little wad of tinfoil which he proceeded to unroll, and from within produced a letter from General Sheridan written on tissue paper. The colored man said he had carried it all the way in his mouth, and had been instructed to swallow it if molested by the Confederate pickets. He was engaged in carrying provisions through the lines for the use of the town and General Sheridan had secured his services in this matter. I was taken by surprise and did not know what to do. I did not know how far I could trust the man, fearing that there might be a trick to get me into trouble, and I told him that I knew nothing about the rebels. But the man spoke very intelligently and gave such evidences of earnestness that I concluded to trust him. While he was talking I was tearing the tinfoil.

"Don't, don't!" he said. "You will need that to wrap the reply in.'

"He said he would return at 3 o'clock.

"After his departure I read the note. It was written on very thin yellow tissue paper, which was greatly wrinkled and mussed from being folded so tightly."

Mrs. Bonsal showed the Star man the letter in a small picture frame behind a glass for protection. It was written in a very fine hand, evidently by dictation, and signed by the general. The sheet was only a little larger than ordinary note paper.

It read simply this:

"SEPTEMBER 15, 1864.

"I learn from Major-General Crook that you are a loyal lady and still love the old flag.

"Can you inform me of the position of Early's forces, the number of divisions in his army and the strength of all or any of them, and his probable or reported intentions. Have any more troops arrived from Richmond, or are any more coming or reported to be coming? I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

"P. H. SHERIDAN,
"Major-General Commanding.

"You can trust the bearer."

After reading the letter," continued Mrs. Bonsal, "I went at once to my mother and told her what had occurred. We were almost overpowered by the thought of the great danger we were in, but we concluded to run the risk.

"If it had not been an accident, that seems to have been providential, I should have known nothing to tell General Sheridan that would have been of value to him. As it happened, I did not know how valuable the information I possessed might be. My mother and I were known to be loyal, and the Confederates had very little to do with us, so we knew nothing of them or of what was going on. But a Confederate officer, who had been wounded and was then convalescent, was boarding with one of our neighbors. As a convalescent he wandered about at will, and knew all about the strength and movements, the dangers, the hopes and the fears of Early's forces. It chanced that just two evenings before I got General Sheridan's letter, or before I had any thought of serving him or the Union cause, this young Confederate asked permission to call on me. He had often observed me from his window arranging or gathering my flowers, and he was lonely and thought my company, so it chanced that two evenings before I got the note the officer was at our house. We were strangers, with nothing in common to talk about, so the conversation turned upon the war, and more especially the state of affairs directly about us. He described the situation from his standpoint—how many troops they had and what they must rely on. I asked questions without any purpose except to keep up the conversation, and he answered freely. I had no idea of what importance all this was, or that it would ever come of use to me, but when I read General Sheridan's letter it at once occurred to me that I could tell him what the Confederate had told me.

"When the colored man returned I gave him an answer to the general's letter, telling him the number of troops, their situation, and the fact that some had been called off for service elsewhere. I told him, in fact, the very things, as I see now, that he most wanted to know; but I expressed regret that I could not give more information, and said I would try to gather more for him if he would send the messenger back in a day or two.

"The colored man put the letter in his mouth and left the house quietly. Many times during the next day, Saturday, and the quiet Sabbath that followed I wondered what had become of the messenger, and what would result from the note.

"When I was awakened Monday morning by the booming of cannon my first thought was whether my note had anything to do with it. It was a terrible fight, and in the afternoon, when the streets were filled with troops, wagons, cannon and the poor suffering wounded, and the dead lying here and there all around us, my mother asked me, with tears in her eyes, if I thought my note had anything to do with the battle. I had thought of that all day, and I was overwhelmed. I hid my face in my hands and cried. 'Oh! no, no! I don't believe he got it.' It was the most terrible day of all my experience. Houses about us were on fire, our own fence was burning, and shells fell so near that my mother and I went into the cellar for safety. Finally the rumbling of battle grew fainter and fainter, until it got so quiet I could not endure to remain in the cellar in ignorance of the result. From the first floor I could see nothing; nothing from the second floor, but from the garret windows I saw the old American flag coming in the town. I dropped upon my knees. I soon learned whether my note had to do with the battle. Hearing sabres clattering against the steps, I started to the front door and met two Union officers already inside the house. One introduced himself as General Sheridan. He told me that it was entirely from the information I had sent him that he fought the battle, and he thanked me earnestly, saying he would never forget my courage and patriotism. I was so fearful of suspicion that I would hardly permit him to speak to me. I knew that should the southern people discover the part I had in the battle my life would not be worth much, and I was afraid to have the general talk to me. I begged him not to speak of it; that my life would be in danger when the Federal troops went away. General Sheridan replied that the Confederates would never come again. He wrote his report at my desk, and called in the morning to say goodby before following Early to Fisher's.

"He rode a beautiful black horse that morning. I lived on quietly at Winchester," she continued, "until 1867, and no one suspected me. They knew nothing of the matter until this watch arrived, accompanied by a letter from General Sheridan. Then the Union people gathered around me in astonishment. I remember an old man who took both my hands in his and said: 'Why, my little girl, there was not a man in the place who would have dared do such a thing. As much as I liked the Union I would not have had the courage.' Most of the community were wild with indignation, but the war was over and they could do me no injury; but they showed their dislike for me in many ways. The boys used to spit at me on the street.

"I had no conception of the service I had done until I received this letter:

"HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF, NEW ORLEANS,
January 7, 1867.

My Dear Miss Wright—You are probably not aware of the service you rendered the Union cause by the information you sent me by the colored man a few days before the battle of the 19th of September, 1864. It was on this information the battle was fought, and probably won. The colored man gave the note rolled up in tinfoil to the scout, who awaited him at Millwood. The colored man had carried it in his mouth to that point and delivered it to the scout, who brought it to me.

"By this note, I became aware of the true condition of affairs inside of the enemy's lines, and gave directions for the attack. I will always remember this courageous and patriotic action of yours with gratitude, and beg you to accept the watch and chain which I send you by General L. W. Forsyth as a memento of Sept. 19, 1864."

This letter is put in a double frame, so as to show the writing on both sides. On the back of it is an indorsement by General Grant, in his own hand, asking an appointment for [then] Miss Wright to a position in the treasury department. While in the treasury she met and married Mr. Bonsal.

THE NEW FIRST READER.

One Little Boy Who Stole Cukes Without at All Offending the Owner—The Moral Father at the Circus.

[Detroit Free Press.]

LESSON I.

"Is the boy in the field?"

"Yes, he is in the field."

"What is the boy doing in the field?"

"Stealing cucumbers."

"Does the man see him?"

"He does."

"But why does he chuckle and grin instead of driving the boy out?"

"Hist! He is the man who keeps the drug store on the corner!"

LESSON II.

"Let us look over the alley fence and see the piece of watermelon in the Widow McGee's back yard. Is it not a beautiful thing?"

"It is. It is a marble dog, and so life-like that I would declare it alive."

"That shows the wonderful skill of man. Human skill, assisted by patience and perseverance, can accomplish wonders."

"Who is this that comes down the street?"

"It is a poor young man whose all (an old pair of boots) was consumed by the great Chicago fire, and he now wanders broken-hearted and discouraged over the face of the earth."

"Why does he wish to enter the back yard?"

"To tell his sad story to the hired girl at the kitchen door. She will listen, wipe away the falling tear, and fill him up with the best in the house."

"Ah! ha! but did you see that! The marble dog seemed to raise his head!"

"So it did. Look! it is now making jumps 10 feet apart! See! it has seized the tramp!"

"Wonderful! Hear him yell! Where is he going now?"

"He is headed for Australia, via the lattice gate and Pine street, and the marble dog seems to be a part of him."

"And won't he tell his sad story to the hired girl today?"

"No, not today. When the soft shades of evening close in upon the wicked world he will be far, far from this."

"And the marble dog?"

"Will soon return to resume its pose under the cherry tree and wait for another. Wonderful is the skill of man."

LESSON III.

"Do you see that man and boy?"

"Yes, I see them."

"They are father and son, and they are talking. Can you hear what they are saying?"

"I can. It is Sunday. A circus has arrived in town and the boy wants to go over and see the tents."

"And won't his father permit him?"

"No. He says it's the most wicked thing he ever heard of, and that it may lose the boy's soul. He also promises him a whaling Monday morning."

"Shall we go over to the tents and lose our souls?"

"We will. Ah! who is this man ahead of us?"

"Why, that is the boy's father! He has slipped out of the alley gate and is making for the circus grounds as fast as he can go."

But won't he lose his soul?"

"Not if the court knows herself."

LESSON IV.

"Ah! here is a farmer on his way to town. Can you see what he has in his wagon?"

"Oh, yes. He has a bale of hops."

"So he has. Poor man!"

"Why do you say that?"

"Because he will have to draw his bale back home again."

"But he may sell them to the brewer."

"Not today my son. There was a time when brewers and citizens were better than to buy hops to brew with, but now they have 32 substitutes and are still gaining on it."

"And the farmer will lose the fruits of his labor?"

"Not altogether, perhaps. He may have a case of quinsy, and then his hops will come handy. He should have taken the papers and kept posted."

WOMAN AS A DRIVER.

She Enjoys It, but the Horse and the Spectators Suffer.

[Fred H. Carruth in New York Tribune.]

"Woman coming driving a horse!"

The word was quickly passed along the street. Children screamed and scattered right and left, strong men shuddered and grew pale, and some drew back into doorways. Suddenly she dashed around the corner. Then she was gone. A policeman crawled out of the street with a broken leg and ruined countenance.

She dashed on down the street. Those who were warned in time got out of her way; the others were borne down. The truck drivers and ice wagon men hurried into side streets. The passengers got off a horse car and lifted it from the track and gave her the right of way. Was she insane, or anything of that kind? O no, not at all. She was all right—simply one of those ladies who "like to drive," and "can handle a horse better than any man they ever saw," "dearly love horses," and all that sort of thing.

Occasionally she turns a corner and snaps off a lamppost or draw under a shade tree. The horse is breathing pretty hard, so to take his attention from his lungs she stirs him up with a whip. Then she comes to a hill and agitates the whip all the way to the top. She is fond of riding fast when she drives. And this horse just loves to go if you only let him know what you want of him. She lets him know all right enough. She allows the horse to rest once in a while, of course, but not long at a time, but then when we consider that she always stays for the purpose at the intersection of two narrow streets and right across the car track, perhaps it is long enough. Then she always drives fast enough to make up for lost time. She's doing it now. See the steam fire engine go out of her way! There goes the wheel off a hose cart—those hose carts can't stand everything. Then there are a few more hills and the horse again gets his attention drawn from the condition of his lungs. At Tenth street the horse lies down exhausted.

"Oh, dear," she says, as a policeman approaches, "I really don't know what's the matter with my horse—I never saw him lie down this way before. I've driven him from One Hundred and Twenty-third street, and he came all right to here. He must be balky or something of that kind.

"The question of life and death, madam?" asks the policeman, as he approaches cautiously.

"Oh, dear, yes, pretty nearly. I am going to the meeting of the Woman's Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and I don't see what they can do if their president isn't there. Can't you poke him in the side a little with the stick you've got!"

He Should Have Stood Still.

[Judge.]

Magistrate (to plaintiff, with lump on his head)—"If your wife threw a sadiron at you why didn't you dodge?"

Plaintiff—"I did, your honor, and that's how I come to get hit."

WARNINGS AND OMENS

Regarded as Portents of Good and Evil Luck.

Strange Fulfilments of Dreams—Mysterious Warnings of Death.

Curious Superstitions that are Piously Believed—The Unlucky Opal.

[Edith Sessions Tupper in Chicago Herald.]

"Talking of superstitions," said a lady to me not long since, "why doesn't some one collect information about the unlucky opal and give it to the public?"

"You believe, then, the opal to be unlucky?" I asked.

"See here," she said, pointing to her earrings—diminutive globes of pink and yellow fire; "I've had nothing but misfortune, sickness and unhappiness since I bought these wretched stones. I'd give them away, only I hate to send bad luck with them."

"My case is not a singular one," she continued. "I knew a lady whose husband gave her a set of opals. Then trouble began. Two children died and sickness came to her, and from being a robust woman she became a confirmed invalid. Finally she died, and her opals were given to her sister. The legacy of ill-luck went with the jewels, and this lady, after unsuccessfully begging the husband of her sister to take them back, finally disposed of them to a dealer at much less than their intrinsic worth. I'm bound to be rid of mine," she concluded, "if I have to throw them away."

I saw her a few days later and she told me she had changed her earrings and pin for a $2 moonstone, which was bound to bring her luck. I was repeating this circumstance to a gentleman acquaintance. He laughed rather sheepishly, and lifted his four-in-hand cravat, showing under it an opal stud.

"I have had nothing but trouble and bad luck since I bought this confounded thing," he said. So the noble animal man is as fidgety as the nervous sex, it seems.

It is generally known that if you do not wish your dreams to come true you must not tell them before breakfast?

Apropos of dreams, I can tell a curious story. The daughter of a lawyer dreamed the night before the beginning of a famous trial in which her father was to conduct the defence of a strange, large building filled with groups of men standing here and there. There was much talk of a great serpent concealed in that building, and many were frightened. At last she dreamed she looked down over a stairway and saw lying in a great coiled heap the monstrous reptile dead. "Who killed the snake?" she asked. A man standing by said: "Green." Green was the name of a lawyer associated with her father in the defence.

The next morning she told her dream, at which her father laughed. She went with him to witness the trial held in the court house of the county in which they lived. It was her first experience of this kind, and she had never been inside the court house. As she entered the big, gloomy halls and saw the old-fashioned, winding staircase she gave a cry of joy and turning to her father said: "Why, this is the place I dreamed of last night." It only remains to add that her father and his assistant Green won the hard fought case and saved a young man from 10 years in the penitentiary.

You must on no account sing before breakfast or you surely weep before supper. If, however, you are so careless as to forget yourself, even to the extent of humming a bar or two, you must quickly say "Bread and butter." This will exorcise any baneful innuence and drive away any evil spirits that may be lurking about.

Should you run over a loose plank or stone in walking along the street, by all means return, and coolly and deliberately step over the stumbling block, or you will have bad luck through the day.

In dressing yourself in the morning should you by any chance put on a garment wrong side out, on no account turn it—that procedure will bring "confusion worse than death" upon you.

Should you blacken your finger nails will surely come. "Nearer the thumb, sooner they'll come." Dropping a dish cloth is also a forerunner of company.

The peacock's feathers, the open umbrella in doors are well-known harbingers of misfortune. I happened to be buying an umbrella one day. Near me was a lady bent on the same purpose. She started to raise an umbrella the better to examine its good points, when suddenly recollecting herself, she handed it to the clerk, saying: "Please open it for me. I daren't do it."

Should the rain fall into an open grave, there will be another death in the same family within a year. Should a dead body lie in a house over Sunday, another death will soon follow. Should a body be brought from a train to a home, and in its transportation be carried past a cemetery—that also means death.

Seeing the moon over the right shoulder all know means good luck, but few know just the correct thing to do when one is fortunate enough to catch the fickle one in the right position. I was walking with a dear, superstitious old lady one evening, when she suddenly stopped, hesitated a moment, and then to my amazement spat with surprising violence and aim three times directly at the new moon.

When I asked an explanation she told me that one must always wish on seeing the new moon, but unless the wish were accompanied by a triple expectoration, no good would come to the wisher. How funny that was.

Breaking a looking-glass is considered by many people as a fearful calamity. "No luck for seven years," say the superstitious. For their benefit let me tell them that the writer of this broke a looking-glass on the morning she sailed for Europe and she experienced no trouble during her trip, returned in good health and found all her friends enjoying the same.

Weddings and funerals are very curious and inexplicable. Every one remembers the mysterious call of Rochester to Jane Eyre in Charlotte Bronte's novel. I can tell of a circumstance of which I positively know equally as strange. A plain, practical, matter-of-fact woman, with not the slightest leaning to the occult, was busily engaged canning fruit in her kitchen one day. Suddenly she heard distinctly the voice of her sailor son calling her, "Mother, mother, mother." So near it seemed that her first thought was that her son had unexpectedly returned, and leaving her work she ran into her sitting room crying out that Harry had come, and could not believe but that he was there hidden somewhere waiting to spring out at her. It was afterward found that at this time her son was lying dangerously ill with typhus fever in Japan. He lived to come home and hear this strange story, and to wonder if in his delirium he had called upon his mother, and over thousands of miles of sea and land, though some mysterious and occult channels, his cry had come to his mother's ears. I know of another occurrence as incomprehensible as the last. A young man in perfect health and vigor, several miles from his home to have a dangerous surgical operation performed. His mother accompanied him, but his father remained at their home. In the parlor of the farmhouse there stood on a table an old, worn-out music box, broken and run over. For years it had been in disuse, and was regarded as utterly worthless. One morning what was the father's astonishment to hear this music box suddenly begin playing. No hand had touched it, and the dust lay thick upon it. It played a tune through and stopped. The next day news was brought to the father of his son's death. He died at the hour the music box began playing!

One more instance for which I will vouch. A party of gay young men were making a night of it at a well-known hotel in an Eastern city. They had drank deep and one of them at length realized that he ought to go home. So he spoke to his brother-in-law, at whose house he was living, told him he was going and said he had better come with him. The brother-in-law shook him off, said he knew when to stop, and so the young man set out by himself, went home and to bed. He had slept but a short time when he heard his brother-in-law call him twice in a sharp tone. He sprang from his bed and ran down to open the front door for him, thinking it was too fuddled to use his latch-key. What was his surprise to find no one there. So sure was he that he had heard his relative call him that he was troubled about it, and on returning to his room he struck a match and looked at his watch—it was 1.45. His brother-in-law had not yet come home, nor the next day or the next. Search was made for him everywhere. He was known to have left the hotel at a certain hour. His wife was frantic, and the police were baffled. Ten days after his disappearance he was found at the bottom of the canal near the city. He had been murdered there on the dead of night and fallen in. When his watch was taken from his pocket and opened—the hands pointed to 1.45.

These are not fictions gleaned from ghost stories—they are positive facts within my knowledge. I give them for their value.

Sailors are proverbially superstitious. Every one has heard of the superstitions concerning sharks following a ship—that is, that there will soon be a death on board, but an old sailor assures me that this is more of a superstition on land than with those that follow the sea. No so, however, with the killing of the albatross; petrel (Mother Carey's chicken), the cape hen and pigeon and albatross. Old sailors believe that the albatross contains the spirit of departed sea captains and the petrel the souls of the old salts, therefore these birds are held sacred by sailors the world over. This same sailor friend tells me of three very funny examples of superstition that occurred on a voyage he made from Colombo, Ceylon, to London.

"We had had a fine slant of wind which took us from Colombo to the Mauritius, and were bowling along toward the cape with stunsails alow and aloft. I was at the wheel in the first watch, when we were struck by a white squall. All hands were called to shorten sail, but we were thrown on our beam-ends, and lay there 10 hours, with our yard-arms in the water, the decks being swept and the front of the cabin being knocked in by the sea. The ship finally righted, and the skipper going his rounds discovered, as he led up over the bunk of the second mate, a pair of Cape pigeon wings. He immediately made the air blue, and ordered those wings thrown overboard, saying they were the cause of our trouble. We had a black cat on board, of which the old man was very fond. One night as I was again on watch, in a dead calm, I heard two of the most unearthly yells coming from over the stern of the vessel. The man at the wheel called out that the cat had jumped overboard in a fit. It had evidently caught on to the rudder, but was soon drowned by the swell.

"The next morning, to tease the steward, I told him that the cat had gone aswim on a broomstick the night before and that we should never get to London. The poor fellow was almost paralyzed with terror, and went straightway to the captain. The latter came on deck and raked me over for not backing the yards and picking up the cat, saying that the loss of the animal was more against the luck of the ship than the loss of a man would be, and what with my spewing dolphin and the second mate killing Cape pigeon and the loss of the cat he knew very well we should never reach London."

Sailors are also very superstitious about going to sea on Friday. A yarn is told of one old salt who feared nothing who said he would show the world how foolish this idea was. He made a contract for the building of a ship on Friday, the keel was laid on Friday, it was launched on Friday, named Friday, put to sea on Friday, and was never heard of again.

A HOMILY ON HASTE.

An Argument in Favor of Method in Life's Daily Concerns—The Less Rush the Longer Life.

[Philadelphia Record.]

Don't hurry. Barring accident, the person who takes life as easily as he may will outlive his rapid and restless yoke-fellow of equal strength of body and mind. If one's own common sense and personal observation do not convince him that a fast pace kills, let him consult the necrologist who keeps a list of deaths and dates. Excessive work is the great man-killer. Greed of fame, thirst for knowledge, rash pursuit of pleasure and reckless disregard of necessary precautions, all carry to early graves a host of victims.

Excessive drinking is one of the worst forms of hurry. To say that a rapid drinker leads a fast life is such expressive slang that it has been adopted as one of the polite phrases of the vernacular. A person who is incompetent to the quality of his beverages can drink himself under a tombstone with great celerity. There is, perhaps, no form of indulgence in which it is more prudent to go slow, nor any in which the dictate of prudence is more generally disregarded.

Probably no other people in the world are so given to promiscuous pushing and rushing as are Americans. It is of little use to reason with them. Like the good old Presbyterian lady who, when told that though the enduring mercy of God everybody would finally get into heaven, exclaimed: "Thank goodness, I hope I'll get better things then that!" the true American needs no comforting dissuasion. He hopes for better things if he run than if he walk, and so he keeps on running.

In the same spirit a lady friend of the writer, when in haste to go to any point, always walks in preference to taking a street car, because, as she expresses it, she feels that she is "getting on faster." In other words, she experiences the sensation of hurrying with whose knows what wear and tear to her nerves. We all know the man who jumps off the ferry-boat and runs to the gate as though his life depended on getting there at the earliest possible second, not because he is really in haste, but because it is his habit to hurry at certain times and places, and the ferry-boat is one of those places. Women are as a rule chronic hurriers; they hurry for street cars and railroad trains only to stand waiting on the corner or at the station; they hurry through whatever household duties they may have to perform, and dawdle after they are finished; the women who have something to do hurry, and those who have nothing to do hurry; in season and out of season they bustle, and buzz, and fly about with as much haste as the busiest bumblebee, and to what purpose?

The few wise ones who make haste slowly who have some method about whatever they strive to do, gather the most honey and live longer and better than do the hustling, bustling ones. To be slow to do anything quickly is a very good thing—even speeding one's self when anything is to be gained by it is commendable—but habitual scurrying about without reason is to live uncomfortably and to wear out prematurely. Undue haste and the best and longest life are not compatible.

It is a singular thing that the slower races of other countries landing on these shores soon catch the infection. It is, perhaps, in the air. At any rate, the Irishman, the Englishman, the Gaul, the Scandinavian, even the philosophic and phlegmatic Germans and Dutchmen put out their deliberation and imbibe the keenness of Yankeedom, as they become assimilated to our population. The Irishman may be a little quicker about it, and the German a little slower than others, but they all fall into the current, and soon manage to keep up with the crowd.

This hurry has put us ahead of the people of other nations in accomplishment, but we do not live so long. There is, perhaps, some danger to our republican institutions as well as to ourselves in sudden and adventurous growth. Swiftly built empires swiftly topple to the ground. Alexander the Great will probably always remain the most remarkable example of fast living among men. He scaled the topmost height of human renown, built up a vast empire and died at the age of 33 years. His empire fell to pieces in less time than it took him to put it together. He furnished to the world a splendid illustration of the vanity of hurry.

It is quite possible that there may be an industrial haste less splendid, less cruel, but quite as satisfactory and enduring as the martial splendor of the Alexandrian empire. The nations that have become sudden rich have invariably become corrupt. Uncle Sam is growing rich with marvellous rapidity.

Would it not be well to now and then slacken the pace? The summer heats particularly invite our minds "to leisurely delights and sauntering thoughts."

In June 'tis good to lie beneath a tree
While the blithe season comforts every sense,
Steeps all the brain in rest and heals the heart,
Brimming it o'er with sweetness unawares.

Don't Learn to Carve.

[Nebraska State Journal.]

Never learn to carve, young man. There is no fun in it.

A knowledge of the art saddles you with a responsibility which, while it may procure you invitations to dinner, sits heavily on the soul and brings wrinkles on the forehead. If you do not perform the work artistically, you are criticised. If a tough fowl gets away from you and takes refuge in a lady's lap, you are laughed at and make an enemy of the fair one whose dress you soil or spoil. You offend Jones if you send the choicest cut to Smith, and vice versa. You must send the best away and reserve only the least to be desired for yourself.

The waiters make you the subject of their remarks, and by putting their heads together and jerking their thumbs over their shoulder in your direction embarrass you dreadfully; you know by the fiendish leer on their faces that they have set you down as a blacksmith. If the room is warm you are thrown into a violent perspiration; your collar wilts, necktie gets awry, your appetite leaves you, and when your labors are finished you begin your dinner with the air of one who has been in a pugilistic mill and come out second best.

Don't learn to carve.

Awful Consequences of a Pickle Diet.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

The pretty daughter of a Columbus, O., preacher is in a bad fix. She has eaten pickles until she has dwindled from 200 to 60 pounds. She can no longer eat. Her tongue is as dry and hard as a piece of leather, and her physicians say that the interior of her stomach is as hard and smooth as the surface of polished glass. The young lady is only 16 years old.

And They All Touched it to See.

[Judge.]

Brown made a bet with Wagerly that he could cause nine out of every ten men who passed a certain building that day to touch the structure.

Wagerly accepted the bet.

Brown simply hung out the sign "Paint."

True Sagacity.

[Puck.]

"Don't you sing?" inquired the musical young lady of the new arrival at the hotel; "why, how stupid of you!"

"If you'd ever heard me try," said the young man, with an accent of conviction, "you'd think it was everlasting smart of me."

MICKEY FINN'S RAFT.

A Safeguard Against Impending Floods.

Made from the Rails of Stumpy Field Fence in the Style of Noah.

The Goslings in Mickey's Pocket and How They Fared.

[New York Sun.]

Rain had been falling steadily for more than a week. Sometimes it came down in sheets, and again it fell in a slow drizzling mist, which gave a depressed look to the landscape. The trees in Lindsley's wood dripped rain, and the two streams which fed Brown's pond were changed from trickling silver rivulets into roaring, muddy torrents, tearing madly along between their banks.

Mickey Finn's tame crow refused to go out of doors, even when urged to do so by Mrs. Finn's broom, but sat moping and croaking hoarsely under the stove. The three little yellow goslings peeped plaintively and hid under the doorstep, but the belligerent billy goat came out of his barrel and stood in the rain, as though in defiance of the elements. Mrs. Finn remarked one day that she hoped he would get the "newmonya," which remark her son thought uncalled for and unnecessarily severe.

Whether the flood at Cooney Island suggested it, or whether it was a deliberate attempt to inculcate a little Biblical, as well as profane history into the minds of his pupils, is a matter of no importance. At any rate Mr. Flaherty, the pompous and superficial teacher of the little red schoolhouse under the hill, read the story of the deluge to his pupils one afternoon, among whom was Mickey Finn.

Little Mike was profoundly impressed with the story. As he was an imaginative boy, he lay in his little trundle bed at night listening to the patter of the rain upon the roof, and saw in fancy that great unga nly ark floating upon the waters. He pictured to himself Shem, Ham and Japhet peering anxiously out of the windows in search of the land, and to the ears of his fancy came the bleating of a nanny goat and the lowing of a cow.

It happened that the teacher said nothing to his scholars about the bow set in the heaven as a sign that there should be no more flood, and so Mickey, reasoning that the earth, and especially Cooney island, was to be inundated, began to think about some means of deliverance. So troubled did he become over the momentous question that his mother noticed his distraction. She feared that her boy was going to be ill. Still the thought of how to save his mother and father and the animals from the threatened destruction stuck to him like a burdock. At last, after hearing from Jack Doolan some incidents in the adventurous life of Robinson Crusoe, an idea came to him. He would build a raft!

"I can make it out o' the rails in th' Stumpy Field fince," said he to himself. The idea tickled him so much that he began dancing a jig in his mother's newly-scrubbed kitchen, and she boxed his ears and sent him down cellar to chop some wood. Here he decided to say nothing to the nanny goat with an admonitory shake of the head that she was not to tell "any wan, not even th' billy." He would be sure to save her and the three goslings, but the crow could take care of himself, "bekase he had wings."

Mickey decided to keep his scheme a profound secret from every one; not even Jack Doolan was to know it until the raft had been completed and the flood began to come in at the kitchen door.

Although little Mike was possessed of more of the resources of civilization than fell to the lot of Mr. Noah, the ark builder, still the latter succeeded to the necessity for secrecy. And so three days passed before the raft was finished. Mickey measured the raft with a top cord and found it to be two cubits in length and one cubit and a span in width, although he did not figure according to Hebrew methods.

So pleased was Mickey with the success of his undertaking that it was only by the most herculean efforts that he restrained the secret within his bosom. There were his parents, unconscious of coming danger, and he had the means of saving them from a terrible fate. The only relief he had was daily communion with the billy goat.

Now, Billy," he would say, "ye needn't be afeered. Faix, there's room on th' raft fur you an' yer wife. If ye'll only kape still an' not be buckin ye'll not be drowned like thim other billy goats."

At last the day memorable in the annals of Cooney island came. The dawn was murky and gloomy. Little Mike arose with the sun and dropped softly out of the window. He was about to test the raft to see if it was pondworthy. He first took the billy down to the pond and tied him to a bush. The nanny followed. The goslings were safely stowed away in the boy's pockets, where they kept up an unavailing peeping against the close confinement. The dog went along without any urging. The billy, the nanny and the dog each had a corner of the raft to itself, while the goslings were granted the freedom of the deck. The raft was propelled by a long pole, but into the muddy waters of the pond Mickey urged the raft, while the crow flew around in wide circles overhead. The raft floated and behaved beautifully. It rode the troubled waters like Mrs. McGee's drake. The roaring domestic menagerie was getting along swimmingly until that notorious gossip, Mrs. Murphy, looked out of the kitchen window and saw the raft. She uttered a yell of terror and excitement:

"God save us! there's that larrup Mickey Finn floatin' around on a big boord wid goats an' dogs; an phwat's thim little yallow bastes wid wings, but that's sure, that's goslings! Run, Paddy, an' tell his mother."

In less than five minutes all the residents of the island were on the margin of the pond, including the elder Finns. Mrs. Finn was in a paroxysm of fear lest her son should be drowned, while her husband contented himself with brandishing a stout hickory stick in Mickey's direction and threatened to use it if he did not "stheer th' boat ashore."

In the meantime the sluice gate of the pond had been lifted in order to relieve the dam of too much pressure. The raft swung around into the current made by the sucking sluice gate. The dog began to howl and tug at his cord. The goslings ran hither and thither upon the raft, and their feeble peeping wrung Mrs. Finn's heart with anguish.

"Ah? werra, werra! me goslin's'll go down th' mill race!"

All the time Mickey was working with all his might with the pole, and at last succeeded in getting the raft out of the current. Encouraged by his mother's pleadings, and frightened by his father's threats, he poled the raft toward the shore on which his parents were standing. The water was falling rapidly, and Mickey caught upon a post. Before little Mike could release his ark from its precarious position it began to cant alarmingly. The dog became alarmed, and breaking loose sought refuge near the billy. This old veteran, who, through all the excitement had preserved his equanimity, resented the dog's intrusion on his territory and bowled him into the pond. This roused Mrs. Finn to a paroxysm of rage. She shook her fist in the direction of the billy and shouted hoarsely, while the rain beat down on her unprotected head:

"Wait till ye come ashore, me laddy buck, wid yer wicked horns! Won't I fix ye, though! Won't I bate yer head in wid me fist!"

By this time a clothes line had been procured, and the raft showed signs of breaking up.

Mr. Finn was becoming alarmed for the safety of his boy, and he cried out, as he whirled the clothes line around his head:

"Now, Mickey, grab hold o' this an' we'll pull ye ashore. Niver mound th' animals!"

But our hero was made of more heroic stuff than to desert his menagerie. He tied the rope around the nanny's body and she was drawn by a dozen willing hands, kicking and splashing through the water. Here the rope flew through the air again and little Mike proceeded to lasso the billy. To this the billy had pronounced objections. Despite his struggles, however, the rope was secured around his horns, and with a "heave ho, all together!" the angered animal was jerked into the water and ignominiously ashore. He landed dripping, but mad as a hornet. The crowd parted respectfully to let him go through, but Mrs. Finn, forgetful of her usual caution, ran up to the goat and shook her fist before his glowing eyes. There was a cry of alarm from the crowd, a commingling of laughter and cries of terror, a glimpse of flying skirts and a rampant object with wavery horns and a dripping beard. Then the skirts disappeared over the hill, and the "divil wid wicked horns" faded away into a dim speck against the eastern horizon in grim pursuit.

Mickey put the goslings in his pocket, secured a board for a paddle, which was fast breaking up, and swam ashore. His father received him warmly. In fact, so hearty and unrestrained was his welcome that Mr. Finn's horny hands were stung by the force of his punishment. There was a time when Mickey would have cried at such treatment from the hands of his father, but that time had now gone by. Secure in the rectitude of his own motives he bore this little misunderstanding with fortitude and wended his way homeward. He found the door closed and the billy standing guard. After securing this intractable animal the kitchen door was opened by his mother. Little Mike then hung his wet clothing before the fire to dry. As the steam began to rise from the wet garments there were signs of animation in the trousers, the pockets bulged and a plaintive peeping arose in the kitchen. Mickey raised himself in his trundle bed—he had only one suit of clothes—and listened. Then he jumped to his feet and ran into the kitchen wrapped in a quilt.

"Faix," said he, with a quiet grin, "I forgot t' take the yaller goslin's out o' me pockets!"

HANDY THINGS.

An Insane Folly That Possesses Most of Us at Times and Makes Us Lots of Needless Trouble.

[Zenas Dane in Detroit Free Press.]

What sort of insane folly is it that possesses some of us at times, and makes us save all our odds and ends of every description under the delusion that they will "come handy" some time? They never do "come handy," but we cling to them with great tenacity instead of having the good sense to bestow them on the ash man as his rightful prerogatives.

My wife and I have well developed economical tendencies, and we pride ourselves on never wasting a thing that may "be useful" or "come handy" at any time in the dim future.

I have read of men of wealth who traced the beginning of their riches back to the time when they carefully saved pieces of twine, never cutting it from a bundle, but carefully untying and laying it away for future use, until they must have had a barrel or two of old twine lying around some place. Once I read of a millionnaire who set his fellow-men an example of thrift by getting out of his carriage and picking up a rusty nail he saw by the roadside, and I emulated his example until I had about 40 pounds of old, rusty, bent and broken nails lying around; and about once in six months I used a pound or two of them in trying to find one that I could drive into a board without bending or breaking. At last I sold the lot for old iron and got 10 cents for them. Then I began to reform. The other day I began reforming my wife.

I was cleaning out the accumulation of years in a closet in the basement and piling most of its contents up for the ash man when my wife came down stairs.

"There are some things in that closet I want saved," she said, "they'll come handy some time." But I resolved to be firm.

"You don't want this?" I said holding up an old tea kettle without any spout and with six big holes in the bottom of it.

"Well, it might come handy for something some day."

I tossed it into the ash barrel and held up a pair of very old boots discarded four years ago, and now green with mold.

"No use in saving these, is there?" I asked.

"Well, I don't know. A little piece of leather often comes handy in a house for a hinge or something."

I could not mind a pair of leather hinges I once made, and the boots followed the teakettle.

"What do you want this rusty old hoopskirt for?"

"Oh, a piece of hoopskirt wire often comes in useful in a house."

"I hasn't been asked for in this house since before the war," I said. "Here's an old hat of mine that's been

OUR NATION.

Young People's Political History of the United States

From November, 1860, to March, 1861.

Exciting Events Preceding Lincoln's Inauguration.

South Carolina Leads the Way to Secession.

President Lincoln's Famous Journey to Washington.

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CHAPTER XXIV.—PART IV.

WRITTEN BY JOSEPH HOWARD, JR.

But Buchanan's successor, although elected, was not yet inaugurated.

Months stretched out between the 6th of November 1860 and the 4th of March 1861, months pregnant with trouble, with national disturbance, with an unsettlement of confidence that made itself felt in the veins of the entire body politic. Commerce has always been timid, capital was never yet aggressive, and the bold defiant attitude of the avowed secession element in the South struck terror to the hearts of men of means, more especially to those who dealt with the slave-holding States.

The South had been a rich field for Northern cupidity.

Her cotton, her sugar were treasures eagerly sought for, and greatly desired by the marts of the world. Easy-going and reckless spendthrifts from birth, the slave-owners believed largely in credit. They bought on credit, they discounted their income from future crops, they lived in luxury and in lazy ease, owning, strange as it may seem in this period of the world's civilization, men and women, many of them as white as themselves, many of them their own flesh and blood, and all of them chattels in the eye of the law, and in the eye of the Christian church. From these easy-going men of affluence in the South, the flinty hearted men of the North reaped rich harvests, year in and year out. With sagacious cunning at the helm, they so steered affairs as to keep the South in perpetual bondage of debt, a debt continually rolling and accumulating, so that from its interest alone vast profits were made. For a quarter of a century the professional politician and statesmen of the South had rolled the threat of secession and a separate oligarchy in the South as a sweet morsel under the tongue of oratory. They had boldly proclaimed it from the platform, from the stump, in the very halls of national legislation, until it had become, as it were, a maxim, "the South first, the Union last." Before this element which, as I said before, I believe to have been a very small proportion of the Southern people, but a very influential portion all the same, the merchants of the North cringed and cowed because their craft was in danger. The continuous threat of Southern men was, "If you don't do as we say, we will leave the Union."

Party feeling, too, ran high throughout the nation.

There was not much discussion at the South, for there the orators were all on one side, and the people listened; but in the North ideas clashed furiously, the abolitionists with their extreme ideas, the merchants timid and vacillating the Republicans hardly knowing where they stood, many of them tamely submitting to the charge that they by daring to vote for and elect their candidate had done much to precipitate the nation into the boiling caldron of disunion, and the blatant sympathizers with the disunion movement combined to make the entire Northern section a miniature hades.

The South had witnessed many scenes of violence.

But so had the North.

Boston had its share, as the friends of Governor Andrew and Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison and Theodore Parker can abundantly testify. The annual meeting of the New England anti-slavery society, which was held in Tremont Temple in February, 1861, was broken up by groans and stampings and cries, which the police were powerless to prevent, because they had been ordered by the mayor to make no arrests until an overt act had been committed. Governor Andrew had no authority to order out the troops, even when requested, unless that request came from the mayor, who declined to make it, and the State had no control over the police. This, I am told led to the establishment of the State constabulary in Massachusetts.

Toward one man all eyes turned.

Abraham Lincoln, in the calm retiracy of his Illinois home, was the hinge on which mighty events were turning.

Wise men, moderate men, wild men studied him and regarded him with earnest desire to thoroughly understand his character, his nature and his tendencies. Would he in the mighty conflict of ideas, not then advanced to the point of fighting armies, prove a judicious counsellor to the excited, a shield between offenders, a barrier against encroachments, or would he be a tantalizing, nervous, fitful, vacillating creature, in the hands of affairs, made hot by opposition and furious by assault? Critical as were many individual hours in the five succeeding years, it may be doubted if there has at any period of the nation's progress been such a momentous crisis as that covered by the time intervening from Nov. 6, 1860, to March 4, 1861.

Buchanan's cabinet was in turmoil.

It became necessary for man after man to be dropped. The old gentleman himself, honest enough, but hesitant, timid in the face of affairs, reluctant, possibly, to initiate a policy which might embarrass his successor, did nothing to stem the tide of rabid secession and turbulent disunion. Preparations as we now see for war, if war became a necessity, were made throughout the South. With or without the understanding of the President, the forts, the arsenals, the military posts were so arranged as to fall readily, later on, into the hands of men who turned the guns against the country's flag.

Especially significant were the movements in Charleston harbor. South Carolina passed her ordinance of secession, Dec. 20, 1860. The harbor of Charleston was held and defended by four United States forts, namely, Castle Pinckney, Fort Moultrie, Fort Sumter and Fort Johnson. The commandment of the harbor, Major Robert Anderson, who had been appointed to that post of duty in the preceding October, again and again warned Secretary of War Floyd of the threatening attitude of the South Carolinians and of the danger that, unless strengthened, the United States forts and arsenals would be seized by them. But Floyd was deaf to all these representations. He would not send Anderson any additional men, or guns or supplies. In this predicament the loyal and gallant Anderson perceived that he could not hope to defend all the forts with the slender force at his disposal and he therefore decided to throw it all into Fort Sumter and hold that at all costs. Accordingly on the night of the 26th of December, 1860, he shifted his headquarters from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter, conveying his troops over in boats by moonlight.

It was deemed wise that Mr. Lincoln should be in Washington some time before the day of inauguration.

Preparations for the trip were therefore in order in the early part of February, 1861 Familiar as every person in Springfield was with his quaint personality, and intimate as a large majority of them were with his individuality, he had been heard to utter not one word concerning the condition of affairs since the day of his election. He had made no sign while indeed commerce was in darkness, trade was dead, State after State had gone through the farce of leaving the Union, the entire country borne to the very ground, sitting as it were in the dust of trouble and wonder.

The one man to whom every eye turned uttered not one word.

Thousands gathered about the depot to see him off, but all he said to them was in homely phrase: "No one not in my position can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that I am. A duty devolves upon me which is greater perhaps, than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. Feeling that I cannot succeed, without the same divine aid which sustained him, in the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support." In Indianapolis, where, as at all significant points between Springfield and New York, and thence on to Washington, Mr. Lincoln was called upon for remarks, he made use of expressions for the first time which excited considerable alarm and very general criticism. Looked at from today no man with unobscured reason can find fault with them, Let us see. "What then," said he, "is coercion? What is invasion? Would the marching of an army into South Carolina without the consent of her people and with hostile intent toward them be invasion? I certainly think it would be invasion if South Carolinians were forced to admit them. But if the United States should merely hold and retake her own forts and other property and collect the duties on foreign importations, or even withhold the mails from places where they were habitually violated, would any or all these things be invasion or coercion?" He was about to take an oath to support the Constitution of the United States, in which his duties are clearly specified, and it would seem that in this speech he had with notable clearness defined those duties.

"What else?"

In another place he said, "There is no crisis except such a one as may be gotten up at any time by turbulent men aided by designing politicians. My advice to them under the circumstances is to keep cool." And again in another place he said, "There need be no blood shed or war. There is no necessity for it. I am not in favor of such a course, and I may say and in advance, that there will be no blood shed unless it be forced upon the government, and then it will be forced to act in self-defence." The wonderful good sense of this great man was thoroughly illustrated in a speech he made in Columbus, O., where in response to criticism for silence in view of the disquietude of the country he said, "I have not maintained silence from any want of real anxiety. It is a good thing that there is no more than anxiety, for there is nothing going wrong. It is a consoling circumstance that when we look at it there is nothing that really hurts anybody. This is a most consoling circumstance, and from it I judge that all we want is time and patience, and a reliance on the God that has never forsaken His people. In the varying and repeatedly shifting scenes of the present, without a precedent which could enable me to judge for the best, it has seemed fitting that before speaking upon the difficulties of the country, I should gain a view of the whole field."

On his arrival in New York the president-elect was welcomed by a most imposing demonstration with at least a half million people on the streets cheering and hurrahing, while flags waved and cannons boomed from end to end of Manhattan island. Fernando Wood was mayor of the city, and in welcoming the distinguished guest that wily politician took occasion to rehearse somewhat briefly the condition of affairs, and to outline the tremendous responsibilities resting upon him, so soon about to assume the exalted powers of the presidency. He alluded to the necessity of reconstructing a dismembered government and of reconciling a disconnected and hostile people. He showed that the State of New York was sorely afflicted, her material interest paralyzed, her commercial centres in danger, and called upon Mr. Lincoln, as the one chosen by the people, to restore the fraternal relations between the States, an end, according to Mayor Wood, only to be accomplished by "peaceful and conciliatory means." Mr. Lincoln's reply was a mode of avoidance, and in closing he said: "There is nothing that could ever bring me willingly to consent to the destruction of this Union, except it be for the purpose for which the Union itself was formed. I understand the ship to be made for the carrying and the preservation of the cargo, and so long as the ship can be saved with the cargo, it should never be abandoned. Unless it fails, the possibility of its preservation shall cease to exist, except at the risk of throwing overboard both freight and passengers." In Trenton, in the presence of the Legislature, he said, "I shall do all that may be in my power to promote a peaceful settlement of all my difficulties. The man does not live who is more devoted to peace than I am, none who would do more to observe it, but it may be necessary to put the foot down firmly, and if I do my duty and do right you will sustain me, will you not? I trust I may have your assistance in piloting the ship of state through this voyage, surrounded by perils as it is, for if it should suffer shipwreck now there will be no pilot ever needed for another voyage!"

Circumstances alter cases.

And proximity to the scene of his extended labor altered materially circumstances, and to a certain extent it will be noticed his utterances at first would show that he anticipated no difficulty, that good will, kind treatment, assurance of cordial respect, conciliatory phrase could not overcome; but later—as will be seen by reference to these brief extracts, he alludes to the possible necessity of throwing overboard cargo and passengers to save the ship, to put down the foot firmly that obedience may be enforced, and ultimately saying, most significant words, too, that if shipwreck is encountered now there will be no need for a pilot hereafter—he began to recognize the frightful possibilities.

History is curiously constructed.

The route to Washington, as laid down by the managers of the trip, took Mr. Lincoln from New York to Philadelphia, thence to Harrisburg, and thence, by way of Baltimore to Washington, a route which was materially altered so far as the chief participant was concerned. It is narrated in all cyclopædias and histories that Mr. Lincoln, having reached Harrisburg, where as at all other places a magnificent demonstration greeted him, apprehending difficulty, disguised himself in a Scotch cap and long military coat, and secretly proceeded to Washington in a regular train, leaving his wife, children and friends to make the trip on the following morning, when they, and not he, would encounter whatever difficulty was dreaded either in Baltimore or between Harrisburg and Baltimore.

Nothing is more absurd.

The facts are as follows:

It had been intimated through police sources that difficulty of some embarrassing and possibly dangerous nature would be encountered by the special train on the following day between Harrisburg and Baltimore. It was also known that sundry Republican clubs in Baltimore intended to make the arrival of the president-elect a pretext for vociferous demonstration. It was believed weeks before this, that the malcontents in Washington would be joined by rowdyish combinations from Baltimore to prevent, if possible, and at all events to make very awkward and troublesome, the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, and the mayor of Washington wrote to the marshal in Baltimore on the subject. Marshal Caine responded that in his judgment those rumors were wholly without foundation, and added, "the president-elect will need no armed escort in passing through or sojourning within the limits of Baltimore, and in my view the provision of any such, at this time, would be ill-judged." In spite of this, it was deemed best that all possibility of physical harm to Mr. Lincoln should be obviated, that all opportunity for demonstration in Baltimore should be avoided, and that as the ultimate arrival in safety in Washington was the great desideratum, the original plans should be abandoned, and that Mr. Lincoln should quietly take a regular train that night and go straight on to the capital.

That he did.

His departure was kept a secret from every one except those immediately connected with him until long after he was gone. An army of correspondents had accompanied the party, and among them a representative of the New York Times, who telegraphed daily the incidents of the progress. That night, while sitting in his room preparing his despatch, Detective Burns entered and quietly informed him that he was a prisoner, to the extent that he must not leave his room until the following morning. He sugared his pill, however, by saying that the president-elect had gone on to Washington, and that no effort on the part of the correspondent to send a report of that fact could be successful, as the wires were cut and would not be renewed until the following morning. Accepting the situation, and desiring to make all he could in the way of picturesque sensation of the incident, which in itself was rather startling, he wrote a despatch which was wired to the New York Times the following morning, in which he said, "Abraham Lincoln, president-elect of the United States, is safe in the city of Washington," and went on to describe the perils anticipated and the dangers threatened, which led up to the sudden hasty departure, giving a romantic coloring to it all by assuming that Mr. Lincoln went in disguise, utilizing for that purpose a "Scotch cap and Colonel Sumner's long military coat." The despatch reached the office of the paper early on the following morning, and was immediately issued in an extra, of which 60,000 copies were sold before noon. The departure was prosaic, sensible and in line with everything Lincoln did. It was a sagacious move, and not undertoned in any way by clap-trap of any kind.

Naturally desirous of placing themselves right before the community and the people at large, the mayor and council of Washington tendered to Mr. Lincoln a reception, which in a very neatly phrased and significant reply he declined. On the following night a serenade, given him by the Republican associations, afforded him an opportunity to say to the multitude that assembled that he thought much of the ill-feeling that existed between them and the people from whom he came depended upon a misunderstanding, and he believed that he had it in his power to remove something of that misunderstanding, and hoped to be able to convince them and all the people of that section of the country that neither he nor those who elected him were in any way disposed, even if it were in their power, to oppress them, to deprive them of any of their rights under the Constitution of the United States or even narrowly to split hairs with them in regard to those rights.

It would be difficult to conceive a more considerate course than that pursued by Mr. Lincoln from beginning to end.

That he did not appreciate the gravity of the situation was not surprising. Who did? Who of all the great thinkers and writers of the time believed that a five-years war, costing billions of dollars and a million of lives was on the eve of birth? Who did not agree with the Lincolnian idea that mutual forbearance and common courtesy and a desire for unity would, in a few short weeks, restore the old-time comradicity?

It was quite sufficient for him to face the three problems of fact. First, the political situation North and South. The North divided, the South united, and, so far as formal organization was concerned, a Confederacy hostile to the Union in absolute existence, for it will be remembered that in conformity to resolutions passed in the Legislature of Mississippi Jan. 19, 1861, a Confederate Congress assembled in Montgomery, in which members participated from South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Florida, and two weeks thereafter members from Texas participated in the deliberations. Second, the commercial aspect of affairs prostrated, business paralyzed, commerce quiescent. And third, his personal embarrassment as Abraham Lincoln, a private citizen, upon whose shoulders the burden could not really rest until after his inauguration, but nevertheless compelled, to all intents and purposes, to be the bulwark against which the turbulent waves of universal dissension, apprehension, wonder, were dashing with unaccustomed tumult and embarrassing proportions.

Nor was President Buchanan's position enviable.

He had been called to account by the House of Representative, who demanded of him formally the reasons that caused him to assemble so large a number of troops in Washington, and why they were kept there, and whether he had any information of a conspiracy on the part of anybody to prevent the inauguration of the president-elect. Mr. Buchanan sat upon the House of Representatives with a vigor and firmness which entitled him to the gratitude of the nation. He replied to the resolution of the 11th of February on the 1st of March that the number of troops in Washington was 653, exclusive of marines who were at the navy yard, and that these troops had been ordered to Washington to act in strict obedience to the civil authority, to preserve peace and order in Washington before, at or after the inauguration of the president-elect. It had occurred to him that it was hardly worth while to wait until the public property was seized, the archives of the government destroyed, and the peace and order of the national capital interfered with. Man after man had left his cabinet to go, each with his State, as far out of the Union as he could get, as far into the Confederacy as he could push. These places had been filled by patriotic men, who were, nevertheless, greatly embarrassed to know what to do, especially as the House of Representatives had arrogated to itself a continuity of criticism, annoying and galling under any circumstances, and particularly offensive at this time. It was also a peculiarly exacting time for the local authorities who, from the 1st of February, 1861, had apprehended possible trouble—so altogether the lot of the national capital and the distinguished gentlemen then occupying responsible positions was very far from being a happy one.

The week prior to inauguration day was anxious, sleepless, disturbed, apprehensive.

The outgoing administration were about to leave affairs at loose ends, the incoming administration was to be embarrassed at the very threshold by the immediate necessity of gathering together the reins, widely separated, and that, too, at a time when every steed was restive and the road rugged, if not, indeed, impassable.

Grave and serious?

Naturally.

A great-hearted, honest-minded, clear-eyed man, taken by the strong hand of popular will from the calm retiracy of his Western circuit, and placed on the very pinnacle of affairs, a target for every eye, possibly a mark for every bullet—such was Abraham Lincoln on the night of March 3, 1861.

PART V.

The night preceding the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln was a most anxious, restless period.

No special alarm as to absolute popular disturbance existed, and no apprehension whatever was felt as to any possible interruption of the inauguration by a mob, because ample precautions were taken by the military as well as the civil authorities. The hotels were crowded to suffocation. Every boarding-house, all private dwellings were filled with guests. Every journal in the country was represented. The government was to be turned over to Republican administrators by the Democratic hands which had controlled it for a half-century. To the representatives of foreign powers it was the closing of one epoch, the beginning of another.

American eyes saw in it a crisis.

Buchanan and his friends were about to retire in gloom, Lincoln and his were about to enter upon grave responsibilities in darkness and in cloud. The country is now so familiarized with military names, titles, specialties, and understands so completely military terms, differences in rank, insignia and appurtenances of the camp, that it can with difficulty only picture to itself the utter lack of formality, of etiquette, that obtained in that time.

For instance, it was very well known that Mr. Seward of New York was to be secretary of state in the new administration. The chief of the cabinet is a very high official, yet it struck no one as odd or strange to see him promenading the corridors of Willard's Hotel with his arm thrown around the shapely shoulders of young Ellsworth, the ideal colonel of the fire laddies regiment, laughing and chatting with each other, until brought face to face with the herculean proportions of Winfield Scott, lieutenant-general of the army, forming a group picturesque and interesting then, but famous, as looked at through the lens of history. President Buchanan treated Mr. Lincoln with characteristic courtesy. He was born a gentleman. The habits of his life polished a nature naturally suave and courteous, and, although mentally oppressed, and doubtless grieved to the very core of his heart at the condition in which he was forced to leave the country, he bore himself with quiet dignity, and manifested almost fraternal interest in the introduction of his successor to his elevated post, ere he begun his arduous task.

The 4th of March, 1861, memorable in all time as the initial day of Republican rule, opened with its sunrise gun, bright and cheery, but with a charge of electric excitement, the more oppressive because of its breathless quiet. The military were up. Thousands of well drilled militia, with cavalry, infantry and artillery, attracting multitudes about their several rendezvous. The inauguration ceremonies were announced for 1 o'clock. Hours before that there were massed in front of the House of Representatives scores of thousands of anxious men, the vast black multitude enlivened here and there with feminine apparel and the smiles of beauty. A platform had been erected over the main steps of the east front of the Capitol, in the immediate centre of which was a kind of shelter to protect the president from the sun or rain, as the heavens might vouchsafe, for the time being. On the platform were benches and chairs for distinguished guests. The preliminary ceremonies were held in the Senate Chamber, which was, by noon, filled to overflowing. The judges of the Supreme Court, clad in their silken garments, members of the outgoing and incoming cabinets, members of the United States Senate, the diplomatic corps in their gaudy attire, and other privileged persons, occupied seats upon the floor, while the galleries were packed with ladies. The correspondents of the press occupied a little gallery immediately over the desk of the president of the Senate. Into this notable gathering came James Buchanan and Abraham Lincoln, attended by Senators Foote, Baker and Pearce. Hannibal Hamlin took the oath of office as vice president, assumed his chair as presiding officer of the Senate, administered the oath to newly-elected Senators, and then directed the forming of a procession to the platform, where the presidential inauguration was to be had.

A notable group.

The seats upon the platform were filled by those to whom they had been assigned, and a cheer from 50,000 lusty throats went up as a trio of mental, moral and physical worth approached the temporary shelter in the immediate centre. Venerable indeed was the chief justice, Robert B. Taney. What thoughts must have passed through his well-disciplined mind. How, with the eye of a historian, he must have run back more than 60 years to the date of his first oath of office, and, coming down the stream of time, how significant must have seemed his triumphant oncoming through local, State and governmental office, until his appointment by Andrew Jackson in 1836, as chief justice of the United States, a fit successor to the great Marshall, then dead. How, as looking, during a few moment's delay, from his elevation upon the vast crowd before him, in which thousands of dusky faces, free and enslaved as well appeared, must have risen before him his famous Dred Scott decision, in which he declared negroes as beings of an "inferior order," altogether unfit to associate with the white race, through any social or political relations, and so far inferior that they had "no rights which the white man was bound to respect." And then, as looking at the courtly form and personal dignity of Buchanan on his left, and the earnest solemnity stamped on the face of the tall incomer upon his right, must have risen before him the long line of men to whom he had administered the oath, now about to be taken by Abraham Lincoln. It was indeed a significant moment to Robert B. Taney, and he indeed was a fit complement to the two distinguished factors in affairs with whom he appeared, part and parcel of an illustrious trio.

The oath being administered, President Lincoln stepped to the front.

What a transformation in a second of time!

A moment before, Buchanan, chief officer of the mighty nation; now Lincoln, chief officer of this mighty nation. Then in the hand of Buchanan rested the power of life and death; now as a private citizen as powerless, as devoid of influence, as untitled as any in the vast crowd below. A moment ago a president-elect with hope and anticipation and desire, but no whit of power, now the arbiter of fate, the decider of momentous issues, with liberty to say live, with power to say die; admirable illustration of republican simplicity, significant portrait of our democracy. The will of the people kept Buchanan in power until that second, the will of the people put Abraham Lincoln in power from that second.

Great interest was naturally felt in Lincoln's inaugural address.

Horace Greeley says of Lincoln: "His faith in reason as a moral force was so implicit, that he did not cherish a doubt that his inaugural address, whereon he had bestowed much thought and labor, would, when read through the South, dissolve the Confederacy, as the frost is dissolved by a vernal sun. I sat just behind him as he read it, on a bright and mild March day, expecting to hear the delivery arrested by the crack of a rifle aimed at his heart, but it pleased God to postpone the deed, although there was 40 times the opportunity to shoot him in 1861 that there was in 1865, and at least 40 times as many intent on killing or having him killed."

But Greeley then, as often, was mistaken.

There was no bullet fired. Lincoln's address, although read, produced a profound impression. It was heard with perfect distinctness by at least 10,000, if not 15,000 of people assembled, and its affectionate interest and peaceful tendency affected more markedly the mind of the Northern public, producing, however, not one iota of effect south of Mason and Dixon's line. He treated all the secession acts as a farce, insisted upon the perpetuity and inviolability of the Union, and firmly asserted that the government would maintain its authority, in spite of opposition, of whatever nature. Very happy was this phrase, "Can aliens make treaties easier than friends make laws? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced between aliens than laws among friends? Suppose you go to war. You cannot fight always, and after much loss on both sides and no gain on either, you cease fighting, the identical old question as to terms of intercourse are again upon you." His manner, always earnest and suggestive of absolute honesty, was never more earnest, never more suggestive of sincerity than during this occasion, and mighty cheers rose to listening heavens, as the echoes repeated, the world around, this pregnant, significant closing utterance.

Pausing he looked about him.

Involuntarily his eye fell upon the watchful Scott, who sat in the immediate rear, upon the timid Buchanan, who looked at him with sincere sympathy, upon the glittering uniforms that made bright and brilliant the notable group about him and then, with a motion of his hand as though to insure more perfect silence where all was still as death, he said, with indescribable emphasis: "In your hands, my dissatisfied countrymen, and not in mine is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assault you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have a most solemn one to preserve, protect and defend it."

The die was cast.

Shaking hands with his friends the President, still attended by Mr. Buchanan, reentered his carriage and drove to the White House, where General Scott greeted the party, and the customary reception was held, at which thousands of people, hurrying past, shook hands with the head of the government, wished him well and departed in peace.

[On Wednesday, July 11, this series of articles will be continued by Joseph Howard, Jr., who will continue his narrative of the Lincoln administration.—[ED. GLOBE.]

HOW TO SWIM.

Showing How to Float and to Dive.

You Can Smoke a Cigar or Pipe and Eat a Banana Under Water.

Instructions by Gus Lundstrom, the Champion Swimmer of America.

NEW YORK, June 30.—The art of swimming is one of the most important accomplishments of a man or woman. It is very difficult to swim correctly, and to do so one must practice a great deal. It is easy to swim, though—that is to say, it is easy to learn to keep one's self on the top of the water, and if all those who fell in the water only knew this there would be fewer deaths from drowning. To some persons swimming comes natural. They learn naturally when in the water to strike out and keep themselves on the surface.

I think that was my case. I never remember learning how to swim, and think I must be a sort of amphibious being. I was born near the water's edge; always took a great delight in watching the sea and the big ships sailing along so smoothly; was in the water morning, noon and night when a youngster, and when older made my living out of my boyhood's favorite pastime. Swimming is as easy as rolling off a log, when one knows how. It is perfectly natural for one to keep to the surface of the water. To swim is only a question of confidence. Just think when in the water that you won't sink or drown, and you will be surprised how easily you will keep on the surface. That is the hardest part of swimming. After you have learned to feel just as safe in the water as on the land it is easy enough to learn the various motions used to propel yourself through the water.

Some persons, though, never get this confidence. They are always timid of the water, and they never learn to swim. I think this timidity is caused by something that probably occurred in their childhood that frightened them of the water. Perhaps they were in some boat accident or some friend or relative was drowned, or perhaps they were forced into the water when young against their will. I have seen some parents throw their children in the water because they think it does them good, the children being actually paralyzed with fear. Now that is a big mistake. It does the child no good at all. If you force a dog into the water he gets scared of it and will never make a good water dog. It's the same, I think, with a child.

Let me give a word of advice to those who do not know how to swim and who may be unfortunate enough to fall into the water. Don't get frightened and frantically beat the air to keep on the surface, for then you will drown sure. Keep cool. Keep your hands well down—place them at your hips. You will then assume an almost perpendicular position in the water, and by simply moving your hands from the wrist, something like the fin of a fish, you will always keep your head above water. You can move your feet too, just as though walking through long grass—lifting them up and down. That is called treading water. When some one comes to rescue you don't grab hold of them. That would probably prove fatal to you and to the rescuer. Let the rescuer take hold of you lightly under the shoulders, or by the neck and then all will be well.

PLAIN SWIMMING.

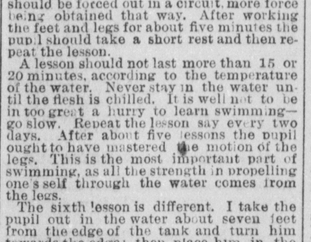
We will now assume that the pupil to learn to swim has a certain amount of confidence in the water; that he or she is not scared, and will go in and come out freely without being frightened. We take the swimming lessons in a tank with shallow water at one end and deep water at the other. The shallow end is 20 inches deep. I go in the water with the pupil. That is the only correct way to teach how to swim, but any one who can't fully follows out my instructions can teach himself.

I place one hand of the pupil on a step level with the water—the right hand. The left hand should be placed on the bottom of the tank, the weight of the body resting on the hands. The feet will then be on the surface of the water. I then go behind the pupil and take hold of his ankles and work the feet in the motions of swimming. Some swimmers bring the knees up to the stomach, and then push them straight out again. That is not the correct way. They should be forced out in a circuit, more force being obtained that way. After working the feet and legs for about five minutes the pupil should take a short rest and then repeat the lesson.

A lesson should not last more than 15 or 20 minutes, according to the temperature of the water. Never stay in the water until the flesh is chilled. It is well not to be in too great a hurry to learn swimming—go slow. Repeat the lesson say every two days. After about five lessons the pupil ought to have mastered the motion of the legs. This is the most important part of swimming, as all the strength in propelling one's self through the water comes from the legs.

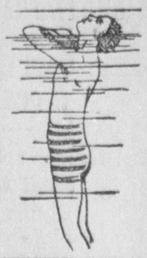
The sixth lesson is different. I take the pupil out in the water about seven feet from the edge of the tank and turn him towards the edge; then place him in the position to swim. This is to teach him to use his hands and take breath. To support him in the water I place my hand under his chin. It is very easy to support a man in the water. About six pounds will keep a man weighing 140 pounds from sinking. The legs should be brought up ready to kick out and the hands and arms extended, being about an inch and a half below the surface of the water. Turn the palms of the hands outward and bring the arms back until the shoulder blades touch. Don't bring the hands down to the hips, as some do. That is a waste of strength. Take in a good breath while the hands are being brought back. Enough wind should be inhaled at one breath for three or four strokes. The breath should be let out when the hands are going forward. The breast stroke is the easiest to learn. Two lessons while supporting the pupil will probably be enough, and then the support can gradually be withdrawn.

The next thing I do is to place a strap around the pupil's body. At the back is fastened a rope which I attach to a pole. The pupil goes into the water and I stand outside the tank and hold him up with the pole. I can then watch all his movements easily. After awhile I loosen the hold I have on him with the strap and when I find that he can swim correctly a few strokes, let him go in the water alone without support and swim with him. It is then only a matter of practice when he will be able to swim any distance.



GRACEFUL.

Floating is the next thing to learn. This requires more confidence than the breast stroke. The pupil must lay on his back in the water and throw his head well back, making a pillow out of the water. The teacher should place his hand under him to support him at first. I very often support the pupil with my foot and then both of my hands are free to explain the stroke. The hands must be kept at the sides and used as paddles moving the water from the head towards the feet. In three lessons the motion of the hands and arms ought to be learned. The motion of the legs is the same as in the breast stroke, only in floating the pupil is on his back and in the breast stroke he is turned around. Two more lessons should get the leg motion correctly. Then I go ahead of the pupil and place one foot on each side of his head and pull him along, he, of course, paddling and kicking the water. By this time I think he can swim and must look after himself. He should practice the breast stroke and floating at least two months before he tries any other way of swimming. Floating is only resting.



THE PERPENDICULAR FLOAT.

One of the most important strokes in fancy swimming or for racing is the American overhand side stroke. Very few use it in swimming. I claim to be the inventor of the stroke, and it is the fastest stroke that can be used. It is different from the English overhand stroke, and in the difference lies

HAND OVER HAND.

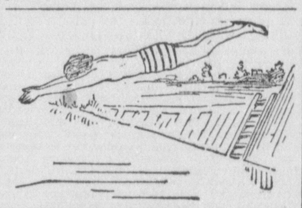
the secret of the additional speed that is attained. The English bury themselves very deeply in the water. They sink from one to two yards under the surface in bringing the hand over; this retards their progress through the water. To use this stroke lay in the water on the right side at an angle of about 30 degrees. The water covers the right eye, while the left eye, the nose and mouth are out of the water. The body is propelled through the water by the legs and feet, and in this stroke the ankles are brought greatly into use. The force is obtained from the instep of the right foot and the sole of the left. The legs are brought up and placed in position like the letter V, and when the kick is made they are brought quickly together, the right foot being twisted to bring the instep against the water. After the kick is made, and while the legs are being brought up again, the right hand, which is extended beyond the head like a cutwater, is brought down to the hip. When this hand is going up again, the left hand is carried over the head and right shoulder, dipped into the water and used as a paddle. The right arm is used to steady the body and force is attained by the left arm and the legs. When the left arm is coming down the kick is made. In learning this stroke first of all learn the motions; speed can be worked up afterwards. From 38 to 45 strokes a minute is a high rate of speed to be attained.

Diving is a very important part of swimming, and to know how to dive well and gracefully can only be learned by long practice. To dive wants a great deal of confidence, especially when one does not know what water he is going into. To begin to dive try in water about four feet deep. Stoop down on the edge of the tank with the weight of the body easily balanced on the toes, place your elbows on your knees with your hands extended. The palms of the hands should be turned downwards and the thumbs placed side by side. Take a good breath and quietly slip into the water hands first, the head and shoulders following. When in the water throw the head back and turn the hands up from the wrist and strike out on the breast stroke.

Practice this mode well. Then stand a little higher before jumping and finally jump off when standing erect. When standing erect extend the arms well out on each side of your face, having the head bent slightly forward. Stand on the edge of the dock or tank not on your heels, rise on your toes and spring as if you were going to turn a somersault. Jump out into the water about the length of your body from the shore. To do this well requires lots of practice to know how to judge the turn. Sometimes you will turn to much and strike the water with your shoulders, but after awhile you will be able to go into the water fingers first.

Always shut your eyes in diving, because you do not know what you may strike when in the water which you can't see when out of the water. If you don't shut them you may lose your sight sometime.

In diving off a dock for a race the mode is changed a little. Stand on your toes on the edge of the dock, so that when the pistol is



IN MID-AIR.

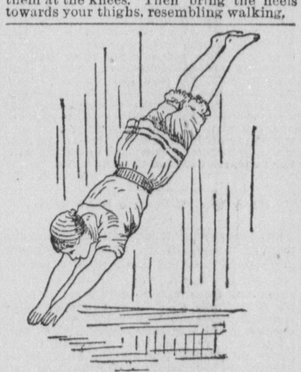
fired off you can give yourself an impetus. Shoot off with a long sweep so as to send yourself through the water when you strike it, and when in the air or just touching the water turn quickly for the side stroke.

Side underhand swimming is the same as overhand swimming, only the left hand is not brought out of the water. It is brought up and passed under the chin into the water again. It is easier to swim this way than the overhand stroke, but it is not so fast as that stroke. It is a much faster stroke than the breast stroke, and is also a resting stroke.

The Tuttle stroke is sometimes called the Indian stroke. It is a very fast stroke. One seems to climb through the water. The water is kicked with the soles of the feet and the hands are used alternately. The right hand is worked at the same time as the left foot and the left hand with the right foot. The hand is pushed out from the shoulder and brought in towards the opposite side of the body. The faster you swim the more you come out of the water.

The corkscrew is a fancy swim. You place one hand and arm stiffy at one side of the body and the other arm you extend straight beyond the head. The legs are stretched out stiffy close together. The paddling is done with the feet, which are worked from the ankles, one foot up and one down. The body moves forward turning round and round.

To walk on the water lie flat on your back with your arms akimbo and hands at your sides. Stretch out your legs and bend them at the knees. Then bring the heels towards your thighs, resembling walking.



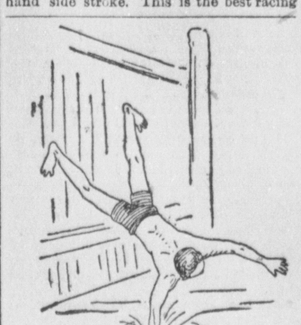
When swimming always breathe through the mouth. You can get more air by taking a good breath with the mouth open than through the nose.

To know how to smoke a pipe or cigar under the water is a pretty trick, and to many is a mystery. It is a very easy one, though. There are two ways of doing this trick. Put a small piece of a cigar, lighted, between your lips, and, of course, smoke it well before your audience to show that it is lighted. Dive into the water in the ordinary manner, but just as you are going down turn the cigar so that the lighted end goes into your mouth and the cut end remains out. When under the water blow through the cigar and the smoke will come out and rise to the surface of the water. This trick wants practice or you will burn your mouth. A gargle of elm juice will prevent the lighted end burning. Another way is to take a cigar and cut out a part of the filling about half an inch into the cigar, leaving the wrapper intact. Cut it out like a cup. Light the cigar well, and in diving place it between your two hands, placing them so closely together that the water cannot get in to the cigar. Draw the smoke through the cigar and blow it out again, as if smoking in the ordinary way. To smoke a pipe under water, just as you are diving you turn the bowl into your mouth and blow the smoke through the stem.

Eating under water is not so easy a trick. Throw a banana into the water, dive in and while sitting on a chair or on the floor of the tank proceed to peel the banana, put it to your lips and push it into your mouth without letting in any water. So far it is easy enough, but to swallow under the water without letting any air escape or any water in, wants lots of practice.

To my idea the best time to begin to train for racing is in April. Then the swimmer has had a good rest during the winter and his muscles should be limber. The first thing to do is to leave off smoking. If you are in the habit of smoking from six to 10 cigars a day curtail your allowance to one cigar a day, and in two weeks time you will breathe easier and your throat won't be so dry. No one who trains for any kind of sport should smoke, and especially swimmers.

The first work should be done in the gymnasium. Use the dumb-bells freely. Start in with bells weighing from two to three pounds, and use them as in the motions of swimming. Especially work the bells in the motions of the American overhand side stroke. This is the best racing



NOT PARTICULARLY GRACEFUL.

stroke. Work your neck well and develop the muscles there. If you don't, when in a mile race your neck and shoulders will get stiff and sore long before the race is half over. Take running and walking exercise. In running begin with say 200 yards on the first day at a moderate pace, increasing the speed gradually. After exercising, take a shower or spray bath, and then give yourself a good rubbing with hard towels.

Take plenty of rest. I believe in hard work and lots of sleep and rest. Take exercise in the morning and at night. Increase the time of work with the dumb-bells gradually every day, and gradually extend the run to a 400-yard spin. Eat good nourishing food. A Hamburg steak is one of the best things for breakfast, with toast and coffee. For dinner, roast beef, mutton, chicken or lamb and plenty of all kinds of fresh vegetables. For supper take something light. Bass' ale is a good drink, but not more than two glasses should be allowed. If you want to reduce your weight, take as little drink as possible.

Take plenty of fresh air always. Inhale fresh air and hold it in your lungs as long as possible. Do this every hour in the day. You will find that you breathe much easier through this exercise. Don't eat any kind of salt fish, it will make your throat dry, and you will then drink a great deal. By June, when the water is of a nice temperature, your lungs will be in good shape, and you will be able to practise for the race by swimming.

If the race is from one to 10 miles, increase the distance you run. When you rise in the morning lay down and practise the stroke as if in the water. Never swim after eating; give yourself a rest of two hours after a meal before you enter the water.

In a one-mile race speed and endurance is required. Commence by swimming 400 yards just as hard as you can; then leave the water and have a rub down. Increase the distance every day until you can swim the mile and finish good and strong. Swim the entire distance 10 or 15 times on the course where the race is to take place. You will then learn all about the tides and currents. When racing try to keep on the left side of your opponent. Keep your eye on him and don't let him make any spurts to get away from you. Stick to him and he will often get discouraged. Save yourself as much as you can for the finish.

For a hundred-yard race use the American overhand side stroke. Some say the Tuttle stroke is the faster of the two. I think the side stroke is the fastest in the world. I have tried both strokes and been timed. With the overhand side stroke I covered the distance in 1 minute 15 seconds. The Tuttle stroke occupied just 1-5

HOWARD'S LETTER.

To Struggle for a Name is Nonsense,

To Fight for Fame is Folly—Great Men and Their Career.

Sometimes Better to be an Usher Than to be President.

NEW YORK, June 30.—How many of you know whether Bartley Campbell is dead or alive?

Accidentally looking through a scrap book, May, 1886, I ran across a caricature likeness of my stenographer, drawn May 10, 1886, by dear old Bartley Campbell when in one of his frenzied moods. He occupied a chair at my desk waiting for me, and indulged in all manner of eccentricities. Not long after that, as you remember, now that the subject is brought to you, he was taken to Bloomingdale and thence removed to some cheaper place, where he lingers a mental wreck, a physical warning morally, neither one thing nor the other.

But of that I don't purpose talking.

My point is wider-scoped and takes hold of the utter forgetfulness into which great men and great affairs and noted incidents in life fall, in short periods after their comet-like appearance in the very upper altitudes of apparent fame.

You doubtless remember that ex-Governor English was on the ticket with Hancock, when Garfield and Arthur defeated them; but can you tell me who was on the ticket with Samuel J. Tilden when Governor Hayes and Billy Wheeler won the day? Can you go back to the Grant successes and tell me who was on the ticket with Grant in his first endeavor, and who opposed them? Doubtless you recall, for it was a stirring period, that Johnson of Tennessee, dear old Andy, was Lincoln's partner in 1864 upon the ticket; but why do you recall it? Partly because it was a marvellously significant time, but largely because, when the Booth bullet burst the heart of the martyr president, Andy Johnson swung round the circle and stepped into the assassinated's place.

It is astonishing to see, more especially, how the favorites of the stage drop away, and no better illustration could be asked than the appearance of men and women, once noted in their profession, at the recent Wallack testimonial in the Metropolitan Opera House, now utterly forgotten and of no more consequence, indeed of not so much value as an old-time play bill.

There were men on that stage, swelling the throng of supernumeraries, who were

Once Leading Men,

some in comedy, some in tragedy, some in character lines, and by their side stood ladies, now wrinkled and white, who were once the pets of the parquet, the favorites of the boxes, the divas of the gallery.

I recall the name of a lawyer who in other days, had more cases on the calendar than any half dozen of his friends and rivals at the bar. Today he walks the streets in lean and gaitered pantaloons, utterly unknown, absolutely ignored, and living with more or less, and generally less, comfort, on money made by his brainy wife, old and whitened like himself, by writing for the newspapers and the periodicals of the day.

Among the greater men in Lincoln's time were Seward, the founder of the Republican party, who was secretary of State; Chase of Ohio, the father of our present currency system; Fessenden of Maine and McCullough of Indiana as secretaries of the treasury; Cameron, Stanton, Grant and Scofield were secretaries of war; Gideon Welles secretary of the navy.

How many of these really prominent, leading men, national men, are living, and of their chief achievements how many can you recite?

In contemporaneous English history we find Palmerston, Russell, Derby, Disraeli and Gladstone, all gone save Gladstone, as are also the Prince Consort and Mr. Cobden.

Now, while an occasional reader may sniff with contempt at the idea, I insist that 98 in every 100 readers of THE GLOBE know next to nothing about the significant developments of their own country at that great period and less about the significant occurrences of the world around at that time of times when giants fought and principles were involved.

But come along later.

Tell me, if you can when the Atlantic cable was laid between Europe and America and who did it.

Recite to me, even in outline, the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, and tell me by whom he was tried and who presided.

Who was Grant's secretary of state, and is he living or dead?

I can take you into a hundred public schools where with lightning rapidity and parrot recitation, all the children can rattle off in rhyme the names of all the English kings, and tell, if permitted, without interruption, the names of the presidents of the United States, a vast majority of whom, however, will hesitate when asked individual questions as to any special reign or any indicated administration, while outside the schools, on the Cotton Exchange, in the stock board, in our great bazaars of trade, and in the very heart of commerce, you can puzzle men of rare intelligence and phenomenal prosperity by the simplest questions concerning the greatest men.

What is the Lesson Taught?

It seems to me that struggling for a name is nonsense; expectation of fame is folly.

Surely if we are puzzled in going back two centuries to name a dozen conspicuous people the world around, and find ourselves confronted by absolute negation when we search our memories for men and measures of national importance who have passed away in our own lifetime, we should see how worse than useless it is for the ordinary man, whose name by a large majority is not perpetuated even on the tombstones, to look forward to remembrance, much less to reputation. Therefore it would appear to be a good scheme for us to know precisely what weak and feeble and inconsequential cusses we are, and laying aside all thoughts of a hereafter, with its glories and its miseries, its punishments or rewards, confine ourselves to doing with our might everything that our hands finds to do along the line of human sympathy.

Of fellow-craft, of interchangeable helpfulness, extended more especially to those whom providence, for some mysterious reason, has afflicted with a lack of mental balance, an utter disregard of moral purpose, and oftentimes a physical disability which renders them as helpless as a baby and as useless as a shell.

The pomp and circumstances of the oratorical speakers were by no manner of means the least amusing of the many odd developments in that extraordinary gathering. The presiding officers were, as a rule, well-mannered, well-behaving men. They were strong in their political alliances, but with one exception, Warner Miller of New York, weak, as controllers of their fellowmen in convention assembled, but the consequentiality of the speakers, of the notoriety hunters, was too funny for anything. The sergeant-at-arms, clad with brief and most annoying authority, were covered with badges and clad in self-conceit. A majority of them were old dudes, and if there is anything funnier than a venerable dandy, be he man or woman, I have yet to see it.

The old man who thinks that he can compete with his successors in looks or general physical attraction, is so nearly an idiot as to be unworthy of serious consideration.

I can quite understand youthful spirits in an old man. I can quite understand bright, alert vivacity in an old woman, and such possession is of estimable value.

It Smooths the Final Pillow,

it cheers the downward path, it makes bright and beautiful the horizon of the setting sun; but it doesn't put strength into flaccid muscles, nor virility in exhausted nerves, nor warrant even the appearance of lamblike frolicsomeness in those to whom the calm and graver demeanor of accented muttonishness is the proper and indeed the only caper. These sergeants-at-arms and ushers, like all men, had a great deal of human nature in them, and I never saw a human nature that didn't work toward some particular woman. The courtesy, the suavity, the let-me-help-you-to-a-seatedness manifested by these fellows toward their particular favorites, were as annoying to the workers as they were unfair to the ordinary attender.

The chief sergeant-at-arms stood a greater part of the time on a little platform, where was placed the desk of the presiding officer. He was a resplendent being, and flowers were sent to him every day. He waved his little baton, decorated with ribbons, over his manly chest, lavishly covered with badges and decorations, greatly to the delight of his feminine admirers, but with no apparent effect upon the scenes of confusion and creature complaint with which the convention he was supposed to aid in keeping in order was constantly perplexed.

Now, what was his name? I don't know, and yet I was there and saw him every day.

It was either Clarkson, Fitzgibbons or Fitzsimmons. You may bet your entire existence—past, present and to come—that in the Clarkson, Fitzgibbons or Fitzsimmons circle that particular week was the proudest epoch of the Clarkson, Fitzgibbons or Fitzsimmons' life, and that worthy's picture, badges, decorations and baton included will be handed down for at least one generation as evidence of their ancestor's peculiar glory.

Speeches were made by distinguished men, but although I was there and heard them all, after I have mentioned Johnny Wise of Virginia, Billy Mahone of the same State, Foraker and Depew, I absolutely hesitate for another name. Yet these men were received with thunderous acclaim; 10,000 people waved whatever they had to wave as the speakers made their bow to the president

In His Chair of State.

What they said was reported verbatim in all the newspapers on the following morning, and hundreds of friends throughout the country, as further proof, if proof were needed, of their prominence in affairs, their leadership in a convention of delegated wisdom, their oratorical supremacy in the very council of the nation.

But you and I don't remember them.

And these people are way down, too, in comparison with more prominent and more significant individuals, whose names are gone from us so we find, referring to the original thought, that upon the fingers of two hands we can put the record from our challenged memory as to the really great men and women of all time, while it would puzzle us to mention five concerning women as factors in our nation's progress who could give intelligent data, proven record of service.

Well, what shall we little fellows do?

Help other little fellows.

Little fellows are like the original pair in the garden of Eden—male and female, created he them. Flowers and books sent to hospitals, visits paid to men in prison, little loans to fellows in distress, good advice to people who will take it, and chief of all, such example set as, being followed, will result in the starting and radiating through the various paths of life other little benefactors who, in turn, following our suggestion, become starters of good, rather than evil, themselves.

Is this lamentable?

Is the fact that the great, as we look at it, family of Booths, will be remembered, a hundred years from now, as relatives of the assassin of Abraham Lincoln; that Joe Jefferson, if remembered at all, will be recalled as an actor who put upon the stage Irving's exquisite story of Rip Van Winkle; that so good and great a man as Lyman Beecher, who, in his day, was a power among potentialities, shall be remembered, if recalled at all, as the father of Henry Ward Beecher, and he alone as the first pastor of Plymouth Church.

If it were not for Whitelaw Reid's brainy idea of putting at the head of the editorial of the New York Tribune the immortal words,

"Founded by Horace Greeley,"

that quaint personality would in a brief time remain no longer an entity in human memory, as indeed his superior from every point of view, Henry J. Raymond, the founder of the New York Times, long since passed away into the shades of oblivion, rescued thence, semi-occasionally by hands of affection, which too, will soon have passed away.

And these were great men.

Who here today knows anything about Commodore Vanderbilt, beyond the fact that he left about $100,000,000?

Who recalls the literal circumstances of William H. Vanderbilt's death?

Who of us all remembers even to have read that John Jacob Astor's last years were those of a literally nursing second babyhood? Who can tell us what Lyman Beecher's later years, when sweet-faced, silvery-haired, mentally wrecked, he wandered from prayer to preaching, from exhortation to praise?

Even these great and, at the time, startling matters fade from human memory, and as generation succeeds generation, are obliterated entirely from all canvas save that of record, and very few of us have time, in this era of daily newspapers, to consult back files, refer to cyclopedias or bother our heads about the dead. HOWARD.

MORE THAN ONE WAY.

[From Puck.]

"Ah, two can't pass each other on this plank."

"Yer roight. Yer see I'm 'going through you.'"

TWO SIDES OF HUMAN VISION.

Dr. Hovey Tells the Graduates That Love and Truth are Eternal.

WATERVILLE, Me., July 1.—The baccalaureate sermon to the students at Colby was delivered in the Baptist church today by Aivah H. Hovey, D. D., LL. D., of the Newton Theological Seminary. The speaker said that as the universe is dual, so human nature is dual, the senses revealing to us the world of relative shadows. The vision of insight reveals to us the world of permanent realities. We are prone to look at the shadows revealed by our senses and to overlook or disregard the realities revealed by insight, reason and spiritual instinct. The laws of thought are eternal. Truth is ever the same, love is eternal. The unseen and eternal is God, in all and over all. The soul of man has an instinct for immortality; an unsatisfied and constant desire for permanent good for the eternal, unseen, real. Earthly lougings and struggles are but van ty and vexation of spirit, ending in defeat.

Rangeley Good Enough for Them Now

[Phillips Phonograph.]

Two veteran sportsmen who for many years have visited annually the Rangeley lakes for a change this year started for Moosehead, with their champagne-basket packed with fishermen's suppers as usual. On reaching Dover, an eager deputy sheriff got his eye on the basket and immediately seized it, promising our worthy friends that after 14 days they could have it back on proving it not to be for sale. As that time was more than they had to spare, they returned to Bangor, where they had no trouble in restocking, and came to their old ground at Rangeley, promising never to visit Moosehead again.

Judge Lynch Presides in Kansas.

KANSAS CITY, June 28.—Early this morning a mob at Minneapolis, Kansas, took Chubb McCarthy, the murderer of Mike Dorsey, from jail and hanged him to a tree. This made four hangings in the State inside of 24 hours. The others were Wallace Mitchell of Syracuse, and John Risboe and Wylie Lee, two negroes at Chetopa.

DR. PIERCE'S Favorite Prescription is an infallible, world-famed remedy, for all "female" irregularities and "weaknesses," and restores the worst sufferer to vigorous health.

BILL NYE'S RANCID ADVICE.

All that William Knows of the Occident.

Good Place for a Young Man With a Bobtail Genealogy.

Go West and Become a Wealthy Freak Like B. N., Esq.

For many years past, and no doubt for many more to come, the vital question with the young American, "Where can I do the best and soonest succeed?" has been and will continue to go right on in the vital business. I select the following letter for replying purposes rather than any other in my possession, because it is earnest, personal and pertinent.

Wm. Nye, Esq., World Office, New York City.

DEAR SIR—I write to ask your advice as a Western man as to the advisability of a young man of Eastern parentage going West to grow up with the country. I am at loss what to think, as there are so many contradictory stories afloat in the various Eastern papers relative to the West, and especially as so many Western men who crack up the Western country as being the place to live in are continually coming East, investing their surplus or engaging in business with Eastern concerns. If the West offers such a broad field for advancement, why then do Western men such as you leave such fertile fields and pastures new?

With kind regards, yours very truly, CABLE.

It is true that a great many Western men come East to invest their surplus, but if they had never gone West they would not have had any surplus to invest.

The advantage of the West for the young man consists in this, that he is there given a chance to show his gait and demonstrate his merits. Nobody asks him who his grandfather was and why he came West. He is tested and indorsed or lynched, according to his merits. That is not all. He is as good a man with a $5 suit of clothes and

A Bobtail Genealogy

as any other man, if he be a good citizen and pan out all right. The difference between the East and West is that in the new West less attention is paid to forms and exteriors than in the East. In the West a man may be a millionnaire and still be required to behave himself. In the East a millionnaire can behave himself days and do as he pleases the rest of the time.

But the chief advantage to a young man who has his way to make in the world consists in this—that industry and merit are at once recognized in all new communities.

The last inquiry is more or less personal one, and it shows that the man who wrote it was a philosopher. In replying to it I must not forget that it is a serious and sensible inquiry. My own case is an exceptional one. In the first place, everybody is not allowed to remain in the West. In one way the West is democratic; in another it is exclusive and aristocratic. It is no sign that others may have to move East because I did.

Seriously, let me say to the young men who read this, that if they are made of the right kind of material they can succeed sooner in the West on less money than in the East, for there usages have been long established and where customs are gradually becoming more and more European. In the West, America sticks out more prominently, and there is a degree of freedom from the petty envies and jealousies which curse the lives of those who live in older communities. I would be poor and come nearer enjoying it in the West than anywhere else. This is not surmise on my part. It is experience. Many writers have shown us where to go with capital to do the best, but what we want is information that will help those who want to know where they can get the most enjoyment out of poverty, where a good citizen is wanted and welcomed.

The main difficulty with Boston and New York boys in new countries is homesickness and disappointment because a good many institutions to which they have been accustomed are not to be found. To succeed in the West a young man must become a part of his adopted country, and loyal to it. He must not act upon the principle that he is still a

Citizen of New York or Boston,

but in good earnest begin to be necessary to the section of country he has removed to.

And, after all, there is not so great a difference between the East and West. All Western men, with the exception of the Indians, were once Eastern men, and Eastern money makes the West successful. Let no young man from a large Eastern city console himself with the notion that he is conferring a favor on the West by removing to that part of the country. The fact that he is there at all is proof that he came there to better his condition, and he cannot conceal it. He who goes West solely to teach the untutored pioneer the amenities of refined civilization will not endear himself to his community, for the humble pilgrim who walks into a new town in the Territories and goes to work attending to his own affairs is more apt to return to the East some day in a Pullman car than the man who enters the place preceded by a silver cornet band.

The West, of course, is not now what it used to be, for modern improvements have reached everywhere and the frontier is pretty well narrowed down, but there is still plenty of amusement, excitement and instruction for the inquiring mind.

I have said seriously what I have said, because this will answer a question that I have been often asked. A good citizen is an ornament and a success, whether he dwell within the shadow of Bunker Hill or the canyons of Colorado, but he would succeed quicker and get the eye of the speaker sooner, perhaps, in Colorado, because the further a young man can get from the depressing but brilliant record of his grandfather the better off he will be. This statement has nothing to do with the campaign.

Another thing I have noticed in the older parts of the country, and more especially in New England, which keeps a man back, in the town of his nativity he is never considered by the old settlers as a man. He is called Henry or George, or, worse still, "William's boy" or "John's boy" until

His Teeth Begin to Fall Out,

whereas in a new field he would be called Colonel or Judge or Governor on a good salary.

The West wants good, live, self-supporting young men. Whether or not the East can spare them I do not pretend to state. The West will always welcome the sensible young men from the East or from other countries who are equipped for a rough-and-tumble with outrageous fortune. While I would not guarantee success to everybody who goes West today, I would certainly under like circumstances go West myself, willingly and hopefully. It is no sign that the West is full because once in a while a man who comes from there is in that condition. Neither should young men hesitate about going toward the Occident simply because a few wealthy freaks like the undersigned came East to relieve with their surplus the land of their birth.

BILL NYE.

Berry Wall's Private Shoe Store.

[Truth.]

Mr. Berry Wall is still an absorbing element of interest in the dude kingdom—so much so indeed that this item of news concerning his boots will, I am sure, be cherished by nine-tenths of his followers. He invited me to look at his remarkable co lection the other day, which he keeps in a room especially furnished for that purpose. It is the cosiest, most delightful of packs, into which his boots and shoes are fitted, each pair according to its number. In a little desk is a book, in which a record of these numbers is kept and in which an exact description of the pair of corresponding boots is carefully set out. It tells how long they have been in use, what they cost, when and where they were purchased, and their description. At the start it was also intended to state whether they were paid for or not, but this bit of information goes now sans dire, and the book is very properly silent on the subject. However, I counted 7340 pairs of boots, shoes and slippers, and the numbers in the little book tallied exactly with my count. Can you imagine a man owning 330 pairs of boots? It is a fact, nevertheless, and if Mr. Wall's creditors ever get the drop on that room they will be able to set up a boot and shoe emporium of their own.

A Maharajah's Marriage.

[Lahore Times.]

From early morning the windows and balconies were filled and the roads were lined with crowds of eager spectators. At about 7.30 o'clock the Maharajah of Puttail, seated on a moving throne (a beautiful vehicle constructed for the occasion and drawn by two elephants), proceeded toward Sanaur, where the wedding was to take place this evening. President Sir Dewa Singh rode alongside his highness on a splendid horse, with rich trappings, and the officials of state followed on elephants, according to rank. The cavalry and infantry drawn up at suitable places on the road, presented arms as the procession passed.

The maharajah wore his rich wedding dress, which was conspicuous not so much for the famous aigrette of diamonds and other historical jewels as for the strings of pearls, called schra, hanging down from his turban and glittering in the rays of the sun. The scene was an imposing one. What with the booming of salute guns and the beating of tom-toms, the noise was deafening. The elephants, with gold and silver howdahs, horsemen and state palanquins came in regular succession, and were followed by a regimental band of pipers, who played on their instruments music adapted to the native ear.

On the arrival of the party at a point about midway, his highness was met by the people of the bride's party. After the presentations the maharajah, mounted on a gorgeously caparisoned elephant and accompanied by his chief minister and high officials, went on to Sanaur. Here separate camps had been prepared for the maharajah's of Jhind, Nabha and Dholepore. At night each camp was brilliantly illuminated. At night the ceremony called phiras, or "the marching round the fire," was performed at the temporary residence of the bride. The guests were entertained for three consecutive nights, and the maharajah held a durbar in honor of the occasion.

CAPTAIN JACOBS AT HOME.

Master of the Schooners Mollie and Webster Tells of His Success in Fishing in the Pacific Ocean.

GLOUCESTER, July 1.—Captain Solomon Jacobs, one of Gloucester's most successful fishermen, arrived home from Seattle, W. T., yesterday. The public already are acquainted with the facts about his famous schooners Mollie Adams and Everett Webster. These vessels sailed round the cape for the Pacific coast.

The Mollie Adams arrived first; the Webster met with delay and loss. Captain Jacobs went overland and was greatly delayed in his plans by the long absence of the schooner Everett Webster. With the Mollie Adams he went sealing, and as a result of his industry during the spring, 770 seals were captured in the Pacific, netting some $3500.

After losing much time and money he went into the halibut business, and the Mollie Adams in three weeks' time caught some 60,000 pounds of halibut, which was put upon the market for the fresh fish trade. The halibut caught in the Pacific are of the very best quality, being close and fine meat. They weigh from 15 to 150 pounds each.

Dealers have tried to ship fish from the Northwest but made a failure. Captain Jacobs has shown that he can make a success of it. He intends to return in a short time and will take his family with him.

At present the Mollie Adams is engaged in fishing and the Webster is sealing.

Jealousy has run out with Captain Jacobs are contented and do not believe in giving up.

Captain Jacobs does not speak very complimentary in regard to the seal monopoly of the Northwest. He is of the opinion that the government should bring about a change in regard to the Behring sea. He thinks that the seals of the ocean and seas should be free and not controlled by a monopoly. The seal brings but $5 where they are caught. The skins are shipped abroad, and the handling gives employment to thousands of people. Mr. Jacobs says Seattle is a great and growing city, and destined to be much larger. Already 500 houses are in process of construction and all of them are wanted.

HARVARD BADLY DEFEATED.

Wearers of the Crimson Go to New London for a Waterloo—Yale Boatmen Win by Twenty-four Lengths.

The eleventh annual eight-oared, four miles straightaway race between the university crews of Yale and Harvard was rowed Friday afternoon at 5 o'clock, over the Thames river course from Gale's Ferry to Winthrop Point, and was won by Yale by 24 lengths. Yale's time, 20.10; Harvard's time, 21.24. The series of races between these two colleges now stands: Yale six, Harvard five. Yale's time of 20.10 is now the fastest ever made on the river, supplanting that of 20.20 made last year by Harvard in the race with Columbia. Yale had a better crew than ever before, and gave the best exhibition of eight-oared rowing ever seen on the Thames river. At the finish every man was in good condition and showed no signs of distress. Harvard, however, rowed with the poorest crew she has ever sent to New London, and never recovered from the first defeat she ever gave a Harvard crew. In fact, it was in the nature of a walk-over. The conditions for fast rowing were excellent; the water was very nearly smooth, there was a strong ebb tide running with the boats, and there was a foot or more of freshet water coming down the river.

When the word was given both crews got the water nearly together, but Yale's powerful sweep pushed the bow of their boat to the front on the first stroke. A quarter of a mile away Yale had a lead of half a length. At the half-mile Yale was rowing 34 strokes and had a lead of 2½ lengths. Harvard rowing 38. In the next half mile Yale made a gain of 11 seconds. At the mile flag Yale had a lead of six lengths. At one and a quarter miles Yale had a lead of eight lengths, and was rowing her regular stroke of 34. Harvard still held to 37. From this point it was merely a question of how badly Harvard would be defeated. At two miles Yale had a lead of 8 lengths. At 2½ miles she had increased it to 13 lengths. At 3 miles Yale had increased it to 15 lengths, and at 3½ miles here long, steady stroke had put her 20 lengths ahead. In the last half-mile, in spite of Harvard's most determined effort, Yale increased her advantages to 24 lengths, finishing an easy winner in 20 minutes 10 seconds. Harvard struggled on, but did not cross the line until 1 minute and 14 seconds later.

An immense crowd witnessed the race, and as soon as it was over the Yale men got together and proceeded to celebrate. Crackers were exploding and tin horns tooting continually, liberally interspersed with the Yale cheer. The Harvard men feel very sore over their defeat.

The victorious crew were met at the New Haven station Friday night by 5000 people. The crew climbed to the top of a tally-ho coach and then a procession was formed, headed by a brass band and the winners escorted to the campus. There was a liberal display of fireworks. At the campus and on the city green opposite, fully 20,000 people were assembled to greet them. A huge bonfire lighted up the scene. The celebration was kept up until a late hour.

MAN AND CHILD DROWNED.

Reuben Essensa Attempts to Swim a River with Willie Beney on His Back.

CALAIS, Me., June 29.—Reuben Essensa, a young man of 20 years, attempted to swim across Magaguadavic river at Lee settlement, N. B., this morning, with a child named Willie Beney on his back. About midway in the stream both sank and did not rise again. It is supposed that Essensa was taken with cramps. The bodies were recovered.

DIED OF HYDROPHOBIA.

Fatal Effects of Justice Fenimore's Encounter with a Newfoundland Dog.

BURLINGTON, N. J., July 2.—Justice C. R. Fenimore of Beverly township died last night of hydrophobia. On Saturday morning, March 31, he was bitten 17 times by a strange black Newfoundland dog which he tried to drive away at the request of his daughter. The dog was on his porch preventing the family from sleep by its noise.

He had scarcely commanded the dog to leave when the furious beast jumped at his throat and face. A battle then followed, in which Mr. Fenimore was bitten in various parts of the body. He recovered from the injuries inflicted by the dog, but at that time there began to be many reports about mad dogs and he became somewhat apprehensive of being stricken down with hydrophobia. On Thursday he was taken ill after getting wet while working. On Friday he was unable to eat, and at midnight attempted to drink water. The sight of anything to drink, however, caused him to have spasms. He was unable to take food until Sunday afternoon, when he sulped down some tea, which caused spasms so violently as to cause death.

Dr. A. W. Taylor has given a certificate that he died of hydrophobia. Mr. Fenimore was a prominent Democrat, and has held several local offices.

Shoes Tapped in the Old Style.

[Providence Journal.]

A shoemaker in the vicinity of Turk's Head recently tapped a pair of shoes for a newspaper compositor who lives in the third ward. The taps he put on were old-fashioned square ones, and pegged on in such a manner that when the typo tried to walk he found himself travelling in a direction obliquely from that in which he wished to go. The only manner in which he could get anywhere with those shoes on was to tack like a crab. He footed it in those shoes as long as he could, till his friends began to accuse him of getting drunk in the morning. In a fit of angry disgust he gave the shoes to a tramp yesterday who said he was going to Boston. Without realizing it that tramp is probably making directly for Worcester.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

A new cotton mill corporation has been organized at Seneca, S. C.

The United States civil service commission wants 20 additional clerks.

Peter Hronek was hanged at St. Joseph, Mo., Friday, for the murder of his wife.

It is now reported that 1500 lives were lost by the recent inundation in Mexico.

A heavy gale Thurday did considerable damage to the lobster and salmon fishery in the neighborhood of Ingonish, C. B.

A gravel train ran into a freight train June 26 at Cable City, Penn., killing six Hungarian laborers and fatally injuring four others.

The New York Supreme Court has dissolved the Co-operative Life and Accident Association, and appointed George E. Langdon receiver.

The coroner's jury at Montreal has returned a verdict of "wilful murder" against Jack Kehoe, who shot his neighbor, Thomas Donnelly, June 25.

Henry Ganss & Son's extensive mill and lumber factory, St. Louis, were burned Wednesday night. Loss, $100,000; insurance, $60,000.

An official in the Chicago Post Office has been formally charged with violation of the civil service law by taking an active part in the St. Louis convention.

The Tasker Iron Works at New Castle, Del., was damaged $150,000 by fire Wednesday. The bending mill was burned and $10,000 worth of patterns were destroyed.

The summer shut-down of the flint-glass factories at Pittsburg, Penn., commenced Saturday. All the factories in the country have banked their fires, and the 6600 employes will take a rest for six weeks.

The Dominion government has been warned by the imperial authorities to keep a sharp lookout for several dynamiters who are reported by the Scotland Yard detectives to have sailed for America.

The Mexican freight depot and adjoining buildings in Paso del Norte were burned June 27. About 70 freight cars were also destroyed. A large amount of freight was also burned. Loss about $200,000.

General Harrison contradicts the report that he had appointed Colonel Dudley as his representative on the national committee. He says the subject has not been determined upon nor any conferences held.

The 2500 employes of the Reading (Penn.) Iron works who have been working at a 10 per cent. reduction under protest for the past two weeks have decided that the employes shall continue at work at the reduction indefinitely under protest.

At the wholesale grocers' convention in New York city last week, committees were appointed to confer with sugar refiners with a view of establishing prices upon a more equitable and therefore more profitable basis.

Notwithstanding the extraordinarily large crop of peanuts the past season, dealers now complain of great scarcity. This is accounted for by the bad weather during harvesting, and thousands of bushels were allowed to go to waste.

Pivemakers throughout the country report trade very poor, owing to the competition of German manufacturers, the latter being able to sell at prices below the cost of manufacture in this country. A shut down of American factories is expected.

The committee chosen to examine the affairs of Austin, Fields & Co., boot and shoe manufacturers, Philadelphia, reported that the liabilities are $225,510, and the assets $160,123. An offer of 50 cents, payable in three, six and nine months, was accepted.

A despatch from Youngstown, O., says that every rolling mill at that place suspended operations at noon Saturday. The operators intimate that the shut-down is simply for the purpose of making repairs, but the men seem to think that it will last for several weeks.

H. Hodges, Son & Co., the New York branch of the firm of Fay, Peck & Co., straw manufacturers, who have just failed at Monson, made an assignment on Tuesday. The liabilities are over $60,000. The firm succeeded Hodges, Hervey & Co., who failed in July, 1884, for $180,000.

The present indications are that the efforts which have been making for several years to form a combination of millers of Minneapolis will fail. It is stated that improved machinery has placed the country millers in a position to successfully compete with the large mills of Minneapolis.

Datis Bunce of South Egremont, Mass., was held for the grand jury last week for shooting his nephew, Frederick Bunce. The trouble grew out of a family quarrel over a piece of land, and several shots were fired by Datis Bunce at his brother Dan and the latter's two sons, only one shot taking effect, as above. Datis claims that he acted in self-defence.

Henry C. Dubois, the starter and transfer agent of the Atlantic avenue railroad in Brooklyn, who was accused of being the principal in a conspiracy to rob the company by substituting transfer tickets for fares, was tried yesterday before Justice Massey. The jury pronounced Dubois not guilty after a few minutes of deliberation, and the verdict was received with cheers by his friends in the court room.

Pelleville, Ill., reports a coal mine disaster in which five men were badly injured June 25, three fatally, a broken rope letting them fall 80 feet to the bottom. Oscar Merrill and George Wiesser were instantly killed, and Charles Wiesser had his back and a leg broken. The first two cannot recover, while the third is in a critical condition. Two others, Edward Hoffman and John Waterworth, got off with badly crushed legs.

The fast train on the Baltimore & Ohio, loaded with Chicago delegates, ran into a freight train at Chicago Junction June 25, while going at the rate of 40 miles an hour. The engines, baggage cars and freight cars were demolished and the track torn up for a long distance. The engineer was fatally hurt and the passengers scratched and bruised. All were taken back to Fostoria and around to Columbus. The road was blockaded for several hours.

The seventeenth convention of French Canadian societies commenced sessions at Franklin Opera House, June 26, President Lucier in the chair. The exercises began with the presentation of the address of thanks to Mayor Tolles by the convention, he replying with an address welcoming the delegates to the city. Seven hundred delegates are present, representing different towns and cities in the United States and Canada.

The British steamer Tynmouth Castle and the Red Star line steamer Noordland have been in collision. The Noordland was bound from Antwerp to New York, and it is believed that Mrs. Folsom, mother of Mrs. President Cleveland, is among the Noordland's passengers. The Tynmouth is badly damaged. She put into Southampton in a sinking condition. It is not known to what extent the Noordland has been damaged.

Mr. Thomas Groom of Boston, who died June 26, "brought with him from London," says a biographer, "all those peculiarities of London trade which had made specialties in many branches a success of." His shop in London building, State street, has for half a century been known as "Stationers' Hall." Mr. Groom first introduced the popular Gillott's pen into the American market, and for years, also, his establishment has been a headquarters for Russia quills. He amassed a fortune in his business.

On March 4, 1887, Charles Albrecht killed David Lanahan and mortally wounded Edward Flanagan in a gambling saloon at 10 Avery street, Boston. Albrecht claimed that he was attacked by the two men and acted only in self-defence. A charge of murder was at first preferred against him, but afterward it was changed to manslaughter. Albrecht appeared in the Superior Court June 26 and pleaded guilty to that charge. He was sentenced to four years imprisonment in the State prison.

A man who may justly lay claim to the title of champion bigamist, if the stories told of him be true, now occupies a cell at Harr son street station in Chicago. He says that his name is J. B. Aldrich. He has been living under the name of J. R. Willington, at 6256 Wentworth avenue with wife No. 22. At least the police officer from Detroit, who was in Chicago a few days ago looking for Aldrich, said that the latter had 21 wives living in different parts of the country, beside the one at Detroit and the one with whom he is supposed to be living in Chicago. He is known in Detroit as J. B. Brown.

Sydney Howard Gay died June 25 at his home in West New Brighton, L. I. For several years he had been paralyzed so that he was almost entirely helpless, and his death must be regarded by all his friends as a welcome relief. He joined the garrison an abolitionists at a time when the numbers were very weak and their views most unpopular. In 1842 he became a lecturing agent for the American Anti-Slavery Society, and from 1844 to 1857 he edited the Anti-slavery Standard, published in this city. Afterwards, for two years, Mr. Gay was the managing editor of the Evening Post. In 1874 the late William Cullen Bryant, then the editor of this ournal, was invited by the publishing house of Charles Scribner's Sons to undertake the preparation of a "Popular History of the United States."

Malcolm Thorndyke, alias George R. Ames, indicted for using the United States mails for fraudulent purposes, was tried in the United States District Court, Providence, June 26, and was discharged. This was the case where an advertisement in the Boston newspapers for a companion for a lady about to travel brought to the persons who answered it a favorable reply, and a request to send $2 to an address in Providence, for receipt of which a railway ticket to Springfield, where the lady resided, would be furnished. The government introduced testimony to show that the scheme combined that they were swindled; that the prisoner had received from the post office 14 letters addressed to Malcolm Thorndyke, and that since his arrest 75 more had been received. The government did not show that the offer in the advertisement was not genuine, nor prove that Ames was Thorndyke, and Judge Carpenter directed the jury to return a verdict of not guilty.

According to a Montreal despatch Pitcher, the Providence bank embezzler, has offered to hand over the securities which he carried off in consideration of release from arrest.

Both sides in Congress are understood to be very tired of the tariff discussion, but the leaders have as yet been unable to reach any agreement for a time for a final vote to be taken.

The small pleasure steam yacht Enid was run down near Newburg, N. Y., Wednesday evening by the steamer J. W. Baldwin, and Miss Annie Miller and Mrs. J. B. Odell, Jr., were drowned.

Policeman Thomas Woods was shot and almost instantly killed in Mt. Vernon, Westchester county, N. Y., Saturday afternoon, by Frank Edward Brouty, who was resisting arrest for wife beating.

A movement is on foot in Delaware to perfect and carry out the plan for a central bureau, through which the entire peach crop shall be placed upon the various markets as the actual demand dictates.

The Duke of Marlborough and Mrs. Lilian Warren Hamersley were married at the City Hall, N. Y., by Mayor Hewitt Friday afternoon. There was no bridesmaid. The duke and duchess sailed for Europe.

Chairman Mills thinks his tariff bill will finally pass by a majority of 10, which is the Democratic majority in the House, augmented by the three independent Labor representatives and one Republican.

Oliver Brothers & Phillips, the largest firm in Pittsburg, Penn., signed the scale, and their fan mills will continue in operation. The amalgamated people are jubilant over the break, which is a most important one. The firm employs over 3000 men, and is one of the largest in the world.

The old scale of the Amalgamated Association expired Saturday evening, and as no agreement was reached with the iron manufacturers the mills at Pittsburg, Penn., all closed down. The employes finished up their work Saturday and left everything in good order for the indefinite shut-down.

A man was arrested in Waterbury, Conn., the other day for insulting a lady passing in the street. After he was convicted, he protested that he merely said "Ah, there—stay there." The judge's reply was: "Well, you will get $10 fine for 'ah, there,' and 15 days in jail for 'stay there.'"

The first transatlantic vessel to arrive at Chicago steamed into that port Friday. She is the Rosedale, a fast propeller, which left Cumberland, Eng., a month ago, with a cargo of Portland cement. Her cargo had to be reshipped to get her through the Welland canal. The Rosedale will be kept on the lakes, running between Toronto and Port Arthur.

A Montreal dispatch says that Pitcher, the Providence absconder, it now transpires, had purchased a draft on a Parisian bank for 100,000 francs at the Hochelaga Bank of Montreal and another draft for £1000 from Boston on an English bank was found on him. He offers, it is understood, for $50,000 to give up $400,000 worth of securities.

It is stated in the latest accounts of the marriage of William F. Gill and Miss Edith Gwynee, sister of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, that no clergyman or magistrate took part in the service. The couple stood up together and declared themselves man and wife in the presence of two witnesses, Mr. Gill having just ascertained that according to New York law this was a legal and binding as the official form. It is the intention of the couple to be remarried by a clergyman in due form at a convenient time.

The efforts to adjust wages of iron workers upon a scale acceptable to both employers and employed has hopelessly failed, the workmen unanimously rejecting the proposed reduction and the manufacturers refusing to continue present wages. The outcome will be a general suspension of all mills employing union men. Not less than 75,000 men will be thrown out of work by such action, besides the effect on railroad freight business and the coke trade.

Mrs. Sarah Jane Robinson, convicted the 11th of last February of poisoning her brother-in-law, Prince Arthur Freeman, at Camp dge in June, 1885, was brought into the Supreme Court at East Cambridge, Friday afternoon and was sentenced to death. It is quite generally understood that an attempt will be made to secure the Governor's intercession in behalf of the prisoner for a commutation of sentence to imprisonment for life.

The fire in East Wallingford, Vt., Wednesday, extended over about one-fifth of the village, but the latest reports place the money loss at less than $7000. About 125,000 feet of lumber was destroyed. Assistance rendered by the Rutland department alone saved the entire town from destruction. The fire is believed to have been of incendiary origin. The outgrowth of recent liquor prosecutions, and intense excitement exists as the result.

Counsel for Charles A. Pitcher, the absconding Providence bank teller, under arrest in Montreal, said on Friday, "If Pitcher is charged with taking stolen money into Canada, he will plead not guilty and will fight the charge to the last. The money, only $15,000 of which was found upon him, is his property. He was simply going to Europe, and he can prove that the money did not belong to the bank. If any of the authorities of the institution swear to the contrary